DE MONTMORENCY:

FOUNDED ON A

RECENT FACT.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

DE MONTMORENCY:

A NOVEL,

FOUNDED ON

A RECENT FACT:

INTERSPERSED

With the TRANSLATION of an

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE

BASTILE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MOUNT PLEASANT ACADEMY LIBRARY.

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TO HIS

SERENE HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

May it please your Highness,

AT a time when your countrymen are setting an example to surrounding nations, by their noble struggle in favour of the natural rights *of mankind, when there is every reason to conclude their efforts will be crowned with success, and that you will shortly have the pleasure of seeing your own country as* free *as that which you have now chosen for your present residence, I hope your Highness will not be offended by an* Englishman's *presuming to congratulate you upon the glorious occasion.*

Although

Although thoſe who now compoſe the National Aſſembly are arduouſly and meritoriouſly employed in new-modelling and framing a Conſtitution that ſhall, at leaſt, have the promiſe of ſecuring happineſs to ſucceeding ages, and upon that account will be entitled to the thanks and praiſes of thoſe who ſhall enjoy the bleſſings their labours will beſtow; yet how much more is due to thoſe who, in the firſt inſtance, ſtood forth, at all hazards, to check the ſtrides of Deſpotiſm and unfurl the banners of Freedom; by that ſtep Liberty *was invited to take up her reſidence on the Gallic ſhore, and every Citizen promiſed a participation in her bleſſings—thoſe names will form a proud liſt in the Hiſtorian's page, nor will they receive a ſmall addition to the honour of being recorded as their country's beſt friends, by that of* Orleans *appearing at the head of them, as the day your Highneſs, the Nobles and Clergy united, muſt ever be conſidered by the people of France as the day on which their*

emanci-

emancipation from a ſtate bordering on ſlavery began to dawn, and that *independant* band *the phalanx which effected it.*

There are not wanting thoſe who ſtill think your Highneſs ought not to have quitted the ſcene of action until the glorious work was complete, while others, and by far the greateſt number, reflecting upon your near connection with the Sovereign on the throne, the diſcontents of many tools of power who find their intereſt affected by the Revolution, and how eaſily popular prejudice is eſtabliſhed when the public mind is inflamed and the populace unruly, candidly admit, that your retreat was proper in the eye of Prudence, and may be juſtified by the voice of Reaſon; and happy would it be for Great Britain if ſome of her leading men had as fair a claim to real Patriotiſm *as has been clearly evinced by the actions of your Highneſs.*

This Addreſs, dictated by a ſtranger even to your Highneſs's perſon, could not be ſuſpected of breathing

breathing the ſpirit of adulation though it had borne more the appearance of panygeric, for it would not then have exceeded the limits of truth—He who has thus preſumed conceived that nothing which tended to expoſe *the* evils *from which you, in part, have been the happy means of reſcuing your country could be objectionable to your Highneſs*; that *was his ſole motive for preſixing this to the following pages—To point out the* miſeries *that aroſe from the* Baſtile *is the intention of* De Montmorency, *and to attempt doing juſtice to him who was foremoſt in aboliſhing them that of, may it pleaſe your Highneſs,*

your Serene Highneſs's

moſt obedient,

and very humble ſervant,

The Publiſher.

DE MONTMORENCY.

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CHAPTER I.

Family Anecdotes—A ſcheme to gain riches overturned by love, and a marriage the cauſe of retirement.

A LONG train of illuſtrious anceſtors could Hubert de Montmorency boaſt of—He could recount the many glorious actions that had been performed by them for their country—He could ſhew many ſtandards which they had taken from the enemy in battle,—and he could exult in the knowledge that

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the honor of the Montmorencies had never been ſullied by an unworthy action.—But this was all—the fortune of his anceſtors had been waſted away, by their endeavours to ſupport the ſplendor of their birth, and nothing was left for him but the ancient family ſeat, and a very ſmall territory round it.

Hubert de Montmorency had endeavoured when young to remedy this want of fortune, and for that purpoſe had entered into the army.—He had not diſgraced the name he bore—his country had acknowledged the obligations ſhe owed him—his Sovereign had conferred on him the CROIX DE ST. LOUIS—but he obtained no more—inſtead of increaſing his fortune, he had leſſened it—for it was expected that a

Mont-

Montmorency ſhould ſupport the luſtre of his name, by a proportionable expence, and by being unwilling to deceive thoſe expectations, he had ſpent more than his ſmall patrimony would allow.

Finding, therefore, that as a ſoldier he could not obtain the favors of fortune, the idea ſtarted into his imagination to ſeek them by an alliance with the daughter of ſome wealthy nobleman, to which the dignity of his birth gave him a ſufficient claim.

Had his breaſt been a ſtranger to the tender paſſions he perhaps might have ſucceeded—but tho' courageous as the lion, he was alſo gentle as the lamb.—He could feel for the unhappy, he could ſhed a tear for the miſerable.—It is in

ſuch hearts that love delights to fix his reſidence.

He became acquainted with an old officer, the deſcendant of a noble family, but like himſelf—poor.—He had an only daughter, De Montmorency ſaw her and immediately his proſpects of increaſing his fortune by marriage vaniſhed, and his reſolutions were all forgotten. He loved her, and that love was ſincere, as it was ardent; for diſhonor and De Montmorency were names which were never joined together.—Their love was mutual, and they were married. De Montmorency found himſelf as happy as mortal could be—but his expences were increaſed, and he experienced, that to remain in the army, would only reduce him to poverty—He laid

laid therefore his commiſſion at the foot of his ſovereign, and retired to Montmorency, the ſeat of his anceſtors, poſſeſſed of an amiable wife, and the Croix de St. Louis.

In this retirement, enjoying happineſs and tranquility they lived; though a ſigh would often eſcape Hubert, at the thoughts of a Montmorency being thus buried in obſcurity, and as it were forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

A Birth—a Death—and a Reſolution broke by the calls of Nature.

IT was his conſtant wiſh that he might have no children, and the knowledge of his not being able to leave them ſufficient to ſupport the dignity of their births occaſioned this wiſh—He was, however, diſappointed.

Madame de Montmorency, a year after their marriage, was delivered of a ſon,—ominous of future misfortunes was his birth, for the exertions uſed in giving him life, occaſioned his mother's death.

De

De Montmorency's happineſs was centered in his wife—He had not rendered the idea of her death familiar to his mind—it came, therefore, with increaſed effect.—He was delirious, and ſhutting himſelf in the chamber where ſhe died, vowed never to ſtir out of it, or to behold another human creature—he adhered to this reſolution for ſome time.—An old domeſtic, whoſe ſilver locks betrayed a long and faithful ſervitude,—had tried all means to entice him from his ſolitude—they were ineffectual.

He hit, however, on an expedient, that at length ſucceeded, and recalled De Montmorency to himſelf, and to the world. He begged leave to ſee his maſter for the laſt time, in order to take his leave of him.—De Montmorency

granted his requeſt—the old faithful ſervant dropping on his knees to his maſter, and ſhedding a flood of tears, begged him not to indulge a grief that was even impious.

He remined him how incompatible it was with his birth and the name he bore—and laſt of all drew his infant ſon from under his garment, and aſked him if he wiſhed his offspring ſhould be left friendleſs and unprotected—or, if he thought he had no claim to his tenderneſs and inſtructions. De Montmorency had remained unmoved by the firſt part of his domeſtic's ſpeech, but the laſt, touched him—he looked at his ſon, whoſe uplifted hands ſeemed to beg protection,—turned away his head

in

in order to conceal his emotions, but finding it impoſſible wept aloud.

When he was ſomewhat recovered, he took the child in his arms and kiſſed it, "Yes, my ſon, ſaid he, I will "live for thee"—and immediately De Montmorency gave up his intentions, and returned to his former way of life.

He reſolved to employ his whole time in educating his ſon, in forming his mind to noble and virtuous purſuits, —but the houſe in which he lived brought to his mind the remembrance of his wife too tenderly—It called his attention from his ſon. He therefore removed from it, and with his boy and the old faithful domeſtic retired to a kind of hermitage in the receſſes of a wood, at the extremity of his eſtate.

CHAPTER III.

Advice for a Soldier.

CHARLES De MONTMORENCY, the name he had given his ſon; grew up apace—he was the exact image of his father—tall, perfectly well made, and with a dignity of countenance, equal to the luſtre of his name.

The inſtructions of his parent were not thrown away upon him—He diſcovered a great facility of comprehenſion, but his favorite ſtudy was military tactics.—Often would he make his father repeat the actions of his anceſtors, his face

face glowing, and his eyes ſparkling with rapture when any glorious atchievement was mentioned—frequently, in the middle of the recital, would he on a ſudden ſtart up, and with a peculiar emphaſis of voice and look, intreat of Heaven to place him in a ſituation to prove himſelf not unworthy of bearing the name of Montmorency. Hubert by theſe early ſymptoms, diſcovered that his ſon had a prepoſſeſſion for a military life, and he was reſolved not to diſappoint him.

When he had attained his twentieth year, he determined that he ſhould enter into the army. The intelligence made the heart of Charles bound with rapture, nor could the approaching departure from his father, or the dangers

he was going to encounter, damp the tranſports of his mind. The day of departure at length arrived, and Hubert deſiring his ſon to come and receive his laſt inſtructions in his cloſet, ſpoke to him in the following words. "My dear "boy, you are going from me, to en- "ter into a world, which you will find "unjuſt, cruel, and oppreſſive—into a "way of life, in which your anceſtors "have eminently ſignalized themſelves "before you—all the advice I ſhall give "you, is, to remember that you bear "the name of Montmorency, a name, "which has been, which is, renowned "throughout all Europe.

"If you forget not that, I think, you "will neither act diſhoneſtly as a man, "or unworthily as a ſoldier—Here my

"boy,

"boy, is the very ſword with which "your grandfather obtained all his glo- "ry—take, and uſe it as nobly as he "has done—take alſo this letter; pre- "ſent it to your ſovereign—He cannot "have forgotten the actions of your "anceſtors, and will provide for you "accordingly.—And now farewell!— "The god of battles diſpoſe of you as "he thinks fit; if it be his pleaſure that "you ſhould fall, oh! may it be co- "vered with honour and with glory, "ry,—and I ſhall not murmer at his "decree—Farewell, my boy, for the laſt "time, and again and again I beſeech "you to remember that you bear the "name of Montmorency."

Charles, whoſe ſpirits had not been damped before, could not reſtrain a tear which

which fell down his cheek—this he quickly wiped away and after having promised to conduct himself with honor, and having received the blessings of a father, he departed for Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

A change of Life and a reverſe of Fortune.

DE MONTMORENCY when he arrived in the capital, preſented his father's letter to his ſovereign, who received him very graciouſly, and gave him a commiſſion in a regiment which was on the point of ſailing for America.

This could not but be agreeable to a young ſoldier who burned with impatience to draw his ſword in defence of his country—He joined the regiment, which embarked immediately.

The winds were proſperous, but Charles complained of them, and was impatient

impatient to tread upon the ſhores of the new world.

His wiſhes were at length accompliſhed—They arrived at their deſtined port, and the firſt who leaped on the beach, was De Montmorency.

Every thing ſeemed to favour his deſires.—The regiment in which he ſerved was ordered, ſoon after it arrived, to attack the Engliſh.

When Charles was informed of it, his heart danced with joy—"Now, ſaid "he, to himſelf, will I convince my fa- "ther that I am not unworthy of the "name I bear—now will I prove, to "him that I am a Montmorency"—but as the ſoldier's fate is uncertain, the evening before the battle, he wrote the following letter to his father.

"Sir,

"Sir,

"We are now in ſight of the enemy's camp—The ſoldiers are preparing for battle, and to-morrow we are to attack the foe.

"From the duties of my ſtation, as a ſoldier, I have ſtolen, for a moment, to diſcharge my duty as a ſon—you will wiſh to know how I feel—I aſſure my father that I am calm and compoſed—that I am determined not to ſully a long illuſtrious line of anceſtors by an unworthy and a cowardly behaviour, or to diſappoint the expectations of a tender parent.

"In the breaſt of him alone who "directs the arrow, and who points the the dart" is my fate--perhaps I may fall--if I do let it be ſomeconſolation to my father, that

that his ſon fell not unworthy the name of

DE MONTMORENCY."

Solemnly and ſlowly retreated the night, as tho' unwilling to let the cruel day begin its reign, and light mankind to ſhed the blood of one another.

The feathered creation ſeemed for once to enjoy the bleſſings of reaſon and humanity, and far from the tented field flew with abhorrence and diſguſt—all but the ſavage vulture—he alone remained behind, and with a grim pleaſure hovered in the air, beholding the preparations for battle and for ſlaughter with ſecret rapture and delight.

De Montmorency was up, and in his poſt the firſt—the drum beat to arms—The whole regiment was ſoon in readi-

neſs,

neſs, and began their march—The enemy were not behind hand—They advanced to meet them. Midway between both camps, both armies halted,—a pauſe! a ſolemn ſtilneſs prevailed for a moment, ſuch as pervades the air before the earthquake begins, or the tempeſt rages. It was but the harbinger of horror.—The battle began with fury on both ſides—a dreadful carnage enſued. Their ammunition being expended, both armies advanced with their ſwords drawn, and their bayonets fixed. It was now that De Montmorency diſplayed his courage. He was in the poſt of danger, and behaved nobly. He fought like a lion—his valour animated the troops—they performed wonders—but victory was not theirs.

The

The Engliſh forced them to retreat off the field.

De Montmorency was in deſpair, he could hardly be prevailed upon from throwing himſelf into the thickeſt of the enemy's troops, and when he returned to his camp retired to his tent, overwhelmed with ſadneſs and with ſorrow.

The Colonel who had beheld his courage, ſent for him to his tent, beſtowing on his behaviour the moſt flattering encomiums, and raiſed him to the rank of captain.

Our young hero was ſo overjoyed, that he could only anſwer by a low bow —he retired to his tent to acquaint his father with his new dignity, and with the approbation he had been honoured with by his colonel.

The next day the enemy ſtruck their tents and began their march. De Montmorency with a choſen body of men was ordered to harraſs them—He obeyed with alacrity, and proceeded ſilently 'till he came to a wood cloſe to a narrow defile, through which the enemy he knew muſt paſs; here he planted his men in ambuſcade, and as ſoon as they advanced. poured a whole volley of ſhot in upon them,---this occaſioned a dreadful ſlaughter---He bade his men charge a ſecond time and fire, and then thought it moſt prudent to retire.

He had almoſt gained the extremity of the wood, when the enemy on a ſudden ſurpriſed him and hemmed his little army on all ſides. Our hero was deſperate---he drew his ſword, and bidding his

his men fix their bayonets, reſolved to fight his way through the enemy's ranks.

The Engliſh received his attack with ſpirit---De Montmorency and his ſoldiers were overpowered, forced to lay down their arms and ſubmit---He was immediately conducted to the Colonel, to whom he delivered his ſword with a ſilent and dejected air.

But the Colonel who could admire courage even in an enemy, returned it him again, beſtowing at the ſame time many encomiums on the courage he had ſhewn.

The Engliſh were going to join the grand army, and De Montmorency, as a priſoner of war was forced to accompany them---to Charleſtown, where he remained

remained ſome months, 'till it was thought proper to ſend the French priſoners to their own country on their *paroles d'honneur*,

He then ſet ſail for France, penetrated with gratitude at the friendly manner in which he had been treated—and after a ſhort paſſage arrived ſafe in native country.

CHAPTER V.

Exceſſive joy the parent of tranſcient grief.

HE ſtopped not at Paris, but immediately ſet of for the abode of his father. His horſe he left at a neighbouring village, reſolving to walk the reſt of the way, and to hit upon ſome method in order not to ſurpriſe his father with his preſence too ſuddenly.

Hubert de Montmorency had found the hours paſs ſlowly on, ſince the departure of his ſon,---he engroſſed all his thoughts, and he found it impoſſible to purſue his former ſtudies with perſeverance.

The

The morning of our Hero's arrival, Hubert was indulging himſelf with a walk on the road which led to the Village —He ſaw his ſon at ſome diſtance—He thought it was a deluſion, and that his eyes deceived him. Charles, who was buried deep in thought, beheld not his father 'till he had got almoſt cloſe up to him—he lifted up his head—the author of his exiſtence ſtood before him—He ſprung to his embrace—this was too much for Hubert to bear—he preſſed his ſon feebly in his arms, and fainted away.

Charles was almoſt diſtracted, and ran about like a madman for aſſiſtance—none could be found—He returned to his father, ſtill he lay ſenſeleſs on the ground —In this extremity the thought of breathing a vein fortunately occurred to him—

he felt in his pocket for his penknife, and laid hold of his parent's arm, but his hand trembled ſo, that he was forced to let it drop — ſummoning, however, all his reſolution, he took hold of his father's arm a ſecond time, and opened a vein.

At firſt the blood came but in drops, it flowed ſoon freely, and at length Hubert opened his eyes.—De Montmorency was tranſported with joy—he kiſſed the hand of his father, who looked with inexpreſſible affection on him, and binding up his arm, lifted him from the ground, and ſupporting him, they proceeded ſlowly home.

Hubert was with difficulty prevented from fainting, through exceſs of joy, a ſecond time — Charles, however, tried every

every method to reaſon him into calmneſs and moderation, and at length ſucceeded.

They were met at the entrance of their dwelling by the old faithful domeſtic, whoſe joy at ſeeing the ſon of his maſter ſafe returned, was very near as immoderate as Hubert's—He fell at his feet, kiſſed his hand, invoked every bleſſing on his head and declared that to be the happieſt day he had ever known—Charles, penetrated with this inſtance of gratitude, raiſed him up, and enquired very tenderly after his health, thanking him at the ſame time for his good wiſhes.

As ſoon as De Montmorency had partaken of ſome refreſhment, Hubert deſired anxiouſly to know what had occaſioned his return to his native country

ſo ſoon.—Our Hero immediately relieved him from this anxiety, and convinced him that his ſon had not acted unworthy of his father.

Hubert heard him with delight, again he embraced De Montmorency, and again returned thanks to Heaven, for having beſtowed on him ſuch a ſon.

Soon as the tranſports of pleaſure, occaſioned by returning to his father, had ſubſided, our hero found the time paſs rather heavily—day ſucceeded day in ſame uniform dulneſs—nothing to cheer the lazy-pacing hour; nothing to employ his time nor engage his attention—His active mind could not be contented with the gloom of ſolitude or indolence of retirement—He longed to be again employed in the buſy camp, but from

from this his *parole d'honeur* prohibited him. He therefore reſolved to apply himſelf with unwearied diligence to his favorite ſtudy, in order to render himſelf at ſome future period more capable of diſcharging the duties of his ſtation, as a ſoldier, with ability and applauſe.

CHAPTER VI.

A Ramble—an Accident the Introduction to a New Acquaintance.

BUT though he purſued with unwearied diligence his military ſtudies, there were others which he did not neglect.

Of Poetry he was very fond, and when he had fatigued his mind with mathematical demonſtrations, would fly to the productions of the Poets with alacrity and pleaſure—of theſe the ſonnets of Petrarch afforded him moſt entertainment.

It was on a ſtill ſummer's evening, when the ſetting ſun tips the mountains' tops with radiant gold—when the black-

bird

bird from the diſtant grove pours the liquid note upon the boſom of the gentle zephyrs, who enraptured with the harmonious ſound ſcarce breathes upon the trembling leaf,—that De Montmorency was wandering through the windings of the wood with Petrarch in his hand.

In the midſt of one of his charming ſonnets to Laura, his attention was ſuddenly arreſted by a violent ſcream—he liſtened again — another followed — not doubting but that ſome one was in danger, he flew to the place whence they proceeded, and at the extremity of the wood, beheld a female lying on the ground apparently ſenſeleſs — he approached nearer—never did he behold ſuch beauty—ſuch engaging ſoftneſs—For a moment he was ſtruck dumb

with admiration, but quickly recollecting himself, raised the lady in his arms, and carried her to a spring just by, there laying her head gently on his knee, he sprinkled her face with water, and rubb'd her temples—This soon brought her to life again—she opened her eyes gently, fixed them with the most bewitching softness on De Montmorency, and with an engaging confusion on her countenance tried to disengage herself from the posture in which she lay.

De Montmorency saw her wishes, and immediately presented her his hand to rise.—After having, in a flattering voice, returned him thanks for the service he had rendered her, the lovely maid would have retired, but De Montmorency would not permit her. — Suffer me, Madam,

Madam, ſaid he, to conduct you to my father's houſe—It is but juſt by—you have not yet ſtrength enough to walk home.

Attributing her ſilence to conſent, he gently placed her arm within his, and they proceeded to our hero's home—Never did he find himſelf ſo aukwardly ſituated before, he wiſhed to ſpeak, but his tongue denied its office—Whenever he attempted to caſt his eyes on her face, he felt his own glow with confuſion—nor was his lovely charge in a more enviable ſituation—her hand, which De Montmorency held, tembled exceſſively; and her languiſhing blue eyes fixed on the ground, betrayed her extreme confuſion.

It was well for them that they had not far to walk—when they had arrived at Huberts', De Montmorency introduced her to his father, and relating to him the manner in which he found the lovely female, ſhe was received by him with the greateſt politeneſs, and the old domeſtic was ordered to bring ſome refreſhments.

When her ſpirits were a little recruited, ſhe told them, that taking the air on horſeback, her horſe took fright at a viper that laid in the road, and ran away with her—unable to manage him, ſhe ſcreamed out, and thinking it bettter to run the riſk of hurting herſelf in the fall than truſt herſelf longer on his b ack, diſengaged her foot from the ſtirrup, and threw herſelf on the ground—again ſhe caſt

caſt her eyes on De Montmorency, and thanked him for the ſervice he had done her—and again De Montmorency declared his obligations to Fortune, in having thus put it in his power to be of ſervice to her.

Imagining that her horſe might return to her father's and alarm the family for her ſafety, ſhe expreſſed her wiſhes to return home, and riſing up, politely thanking Hubert de Montmorency would have departed alone, but our hero would not ſuffer her, and begging her permiſſion to let him eſcort her, which ſhe granted with ſome confuſion, they ſet out together.

There are certain ſituations, which though we pray devoutly to be placed in, involves us in a kind of confuſion,

which almoſt makes us regret that our wiſhes are accompliſhed.—De Montmorency felt himſelf in ſuch a predicament, and it was ſome time before he recovered from his confuſion.

In their way home, it was neceſſary that they ſhould paſs by the place where the lovely maid had fallen from her horſe; they ſtopped to recapitulate the accident again, and that recapitulation introduced a repetition of thanks and acknowledgement on both ſides.

De Montmorency now grown more bold, ventured to enquire the name of the Lady whom he had had the honour to ſerve. Her anſwer diſcovered it to be Elise *de* St. Clair—ſhe, in return requeſted to know the name of her deliverer—Our hero informed her, and they

they now proceeded to talk on common topics of converſation 'till they arrived at the young lady's home.

It was a large Chateau, ſituated in the midſt of a delightful Park—as they walked up the avenue of trees that led to it, they met Monſieur and Madame De St. Clair, to whom Lilla introduced our hero, as one who had rendered her a great ſervice, recounting at the ſame time the accident that had happened to her.

Overjoyed at their daughter's ſafety, De Montmorency was received with the greateſt civility, and they inſiſted on his accompanying them home — nothing could be more agreeable to him—the invitation was accepted, and they all returned to the Chateau, whence it was not

'till

till late in the evening that our Hero returned to his father's—nor could he do it even then without regretting the rapidity of time which rendered their ſeparation neceſſary—As he paſſed from the Chateau, ſcarce did he take three ſteps without turning back to bleſs the angel (for ſuch ſhe appeared in his eyes) that dwelt within, and thank his ſtars for the day's adventure.

CHAPTER VII.

The Domeſtic.

WHEN De Montmorency got home, there wasno one up but the old domeſtic who was waiting for his return—Our Hero was not inclined to retire to his chamber immediately, he therefore ſat down in the parlour, and taking up Petrarch, deſired the old domeſtic to go to bed—but he refuſed, and alledged as a reaſon, that he was as little inclined to ſleep as De Montmorency, whom he feared from his manner had met with ſome miſhap.—To ſatisfy his affectionate in-

inquietude he related what had paſſed—The relation being concluded the old man ſighed deeply, and upon our hero's enquiring the cauſe.—" Alas, my " maſter, (ſaid he) I ſee you deſperately " attached to a woman, and am grieved " to think whether that attachment may " hurry you—experience has long ſo " fatally convinced me that the Hyena " is not more deſtructive to her prey, " than women are to the objects that " adore them."—Perhaps you will not think this obſervation ſo erroneous, when you have learnt a ſhort detail of the events of my life, which, if you are not too fatigued to pay attention to, I will now relate.

De Montmorency declared he was not; after a ſhort pauſe, therefore, the old domeſtic

meſtic began his narrative in the following words,—

" My real name is BERNARD *de* TOUIS " though I have always hitherto gone " under the appellation of JAQUES *de* " CALLIER.

" My anceſtors, time out of mind, " rented a ſmall farm in the province of " Bretany, which they always found " ſufficient for the comfortable mainte- " nance of their family—Out of eight " children which my father had, I alone " ſurvived; I believe the grief of having " loſt ſo fine a family, was the chief " cauſe of my parent's death, for they " died within a month after the deceaſe " of my ſiſter, and left me, then about " two and twenty years of age: I was " afflicted very ſenſibly at the death of

both

" both my parents, but time ſoon effaced
" the traces of ſorrow from my mind—
" I continued in the farm which they
" held, and cultivated it myſelf—My
" affairs went on proſperouſly enough,
" but fool that I was, I thought they
" would improve if I married, and
" therefore I looked about me for a ſuit-
" able match—I ſoon pitched upon a
" young maiden of nearly my own age,
" pretty and very good natured — ſhe
" was called ANTOINETTE—Oh! would
" I had never ſeen her.

" The girl, I thought, had ſome affec-
" tion for me, for ſhe preferred me to all
" the lads of the village, and in every ru-
" ral ſport, choſe me for her partner.—I
" was deceived by this ſhew of affection,
" and courted her for my wife—The time

" of

" of courtſhip was merrily ſpent, and
" from that I predicted increaſe of hap-
" pineſs in an alliance with Antoinette—
" filly fellow that I was not to know
" that the days of courtſhip are the hap-
" pieſt of our lives.

" After a few months ſpent in this
" manner, I thought it high time to be
" married—we were ſo—and I was, in
" my own conceit, completely happy—
" My Farm improved under her ma-
" nagement, and for ſome months after
" we were as happy as the firſt day of our
" courtſhip—The Lord of the Village
" came every half year to collect his
" rents; when he came for mine, he
" praiſed my choice, and ſeemed much
" taken with my wife, I was pleaſed with
" his approbation, and loved my Antoi-

" nette

" nette the more for having been ap-
" proved of by our landlord—He came
" several times afterwards, and often
" made us little presents—I suspected
" no harm, and thought myself highly
" honoured by the attention and marks
" of friendship, which raised the envy of
" our villagers — had I not been a
" simpleton, I might have known that a
" superior never takes notice of an in-
" ferior, but with some interested design.
" Still did our affairs flourish, and I was
" in a fair way of becoming a man of good
" substance and wealth—It was my custom
" twice a year to carry my corn to a cer-
" tain town where there was a fair, to
" dispose of it.—I prepared now to set
" out, but rather reluctantly — never-
" theless, knowing it was for our mutual

" advantage

" advantage, I embraced my Antoinette " and set out on my journey.

" I made all the haste possible to set- " tle my business, and at the end of five " days completed it—I had sold my " corn at a good profit, and full of the " fond ideas of again embracing my " Antoinette, I set out homeward, in- " tending to reach it by night fall, I rode " a good round pace, and was got very " near our village, when I met one of " my neighbours whom I asked how my " wife did, and he replied: ' Perfectly ' well, Bernard,—you need not doubt ' of it, when our Lord takes such good ' care of her.'—This was said with a " kind of sneer that confused me—I " felt, for the first time, that torturer " Jealousy.

" Altering

" Altering my reſolution, I reſolved " not to ride directly home, but to " wait 'till the middle of the night, and " having the key of a private door be- " hind the houſe, I reſolved to let my- " ſelf in, and ſurpriſe her with my pre- " ſence too ſuddenly to be able to ſe- " crete our landlord, if he ſhould be " with her.

" I loitered, therefore, about the " fields 'till midnight, when leaving my " horſe at an inn in the village, I walk- " ed home.—There was a light ſtill in " my wife's chamber — I approached " with all ſilence; lifting up the back " room window got in without making a " noiſe, and with a heart heaving with " apprehenſion I ſtole up ſtairs—When " I had got to my wife's chamber door,

" I was

" I was almoſt afraid to open it, and a
" hundred times was retreating down
" ſtairs.—At length, the door being un-
" locked, I opened it gently and went
" in—nobody heard me—I approached
" to the bed, and undrew the curtains
" —but, good heavens! what were my
" ſenſations when I beheld my wife faſt
" locked in the arms of our landlord,
" and both of them aſleep?—I ſtaid
" not a moment to give reflection power
" to direct me—I liſtened only to the
" tranſports of my rage—ſeizing a ſhort
" ſword that hung over the fire place,
" I ruſhed to the bed-ſide—With an
" inconceivable fury I plunged the
" ſword firſt in the landlord's body, and
" without waiting a moment plunged it
" afterwards into the body of my wife;

" exclaiming

" exclaiming at the ſame time—' traitors
' receive from me the juſt reward of
' your abominable crimes'—I knew that
" there was no time to be loſt in mak-
" ing my eſcape; taking, therefore, all
" the money I could find in the houſe,
" I made the beſt of my way out of it—
" I went to the Inn where I had left my
" horſe, had him ſaddled inſtantly, and
" mounting him, rode off with as much
" ſpeed as poſſible—Before morning I
" found myſelf out of the province of
" Bretany, and then reſolved to ſtop and
" take ſome refreſhment.

" I debated within myſelf what I ſhould
" do, I was not long in determining,
" I reſolved to change my name, and
" enliſt myſelf in ſome regiment which
" was employed in the wars of Germany.

" I had

" I had money enough in my pocket,
" and therefore immediately took ſhip-
" ping for Germany.—After a ſhort paſ-
" ſage I arrived there, and immediately
" enliſted in the regiment in which your
" father was captain—I was ſo fortunate
" as to obtain applauſe, and he appoint-
" ed me to the poſt of ſergeant—I endea-
" voured, by every means to ſhew my
" gratitude to him, and entreated Hea-
" ven to put it in my power to be of ſer-
" vice to him; Heaven granted my re-
" queſt. In a bloody Battle I ſaved his
" life—This was a deciſive battle, and
" the laſt—We were ordered home—
" I entreated your father to ſuffer me
" to accompany him as a ſervant, he
" conſented, and I have ever ſince re-
" mained with him.—Judge, now, Sir,

" if I have not reaſon to be diſguſted " with the ſex."

Our hero acknowledged it, but ſaid that he hoped all women were not equally bad with his Wife. Bernard ſhook his head, and it being very late, he attended his young maſter to his apartment and they then ſeparated to invoke the refreſhing influence of balmy Sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Man in Love.

DE MONTMORENCY retired to his apartment, but ſleep was a ſtranger to his eyes,—his boſom was filled with new emotions, — the image of the lovely Eliſe preſented itſelf to his imagination—he ſighed, and from his ſenſations, found that he was certainly in love with her.

The diſcovery did not alarm him—he indulged the delightful idea,—he found himſelf leſs than ever inclined to ſleep, and therefore as ſoon as Morning with

her mantle grey appeared on the mountain's height, he aroſe.

Full of the events of the preceding day, he wandered through the wood to the ſpot where Eliſe had fallen; he recapitulated her looks, her attitude, and in a tranſport of love threw himſelf on the very place that had been preſſed by the lovely maid.

A certain author ſays "that men in "love are fools," unwilling to enter into a conteſt with him at preſent, I will ſuppoſe that he has ſpoken the truth; and granting that he has, I maintain that the generality of men had rather attach to themſelves the appellation of fools for being enthuſiaſts to the charms of beauty, than be thought wiſe men for poſſeſſing a cold indifference.

Eliſe

Eliſe de St. Clair had felt herſelf ſtrangely prepoſſeſſed in favour of our hero at quitting him, and when ſhe retired to her apartment, had found herſelf as little inclined to ſleep as he had.—It was her uſual cuſtom to riſe early, and walk before breakfaſt; but this morning ſhe roſe more ſo than uſual.

Is it unnatural to ſuppoſe that with ſuch ſenſations ſhe ſhould walk to the place where ſhe had firſt ſeen De Montmorency?

At the moment while he was preſſing the ſpot where ſhe fell, Eliſe arrived there.—Hearing a noiſe, he ſtarted up—ſhe ſtarted too — involuntary bluſhes filled both their cheeks, and it was not without heſitation and confuſion that they

reciprocally exchanged the ſalutations of the morning.

De Montmorency finding himſelf unable to converſe on common topics with eaſe, aſked Eliſe if ſhe was fond of the Italian language; being anſwered in the affirmative, he pulled Petrarch out of his pocket, and changed the converſation to his ſonnets, which ſhe confeſſed herſelf unacquainted with.

They had walked to an old oak tree, round which was a ruſtic ſeat,—they ſat down, and Eliſe requeſted De Montmorency to read one of the ſonnets—he complied, and choſe that which relates the difficulty of declaring his Love for Laura.

De Montmorency's voice was clear and muſical—he read the ſonnet with feeling

feeling and with proper emphaſis.—Eliſe held down her head and bluſhed—De Montmorency, having concluded the ſonnet, ſhut the book and ſighed.

He aſked Eliſe if it was not a delightful ſonnet, her aſſent was conveyed in a trembling voice, and they remained ſilent for ſome time.

Recollecting, at length, that the hour of breakfaſt was not far off, ſhe took her leave to return home alone, but De Montmorency could not be prevailed upon to quit her, 'till ſhe had almoſt got to the Chateau, when bidding her adieu, he returned home, his whole ſoul being filled with the lovely girl he had juſt parted with.

CHAPTER IX.

Female charms superior to parental advice.

OUR hero now neglected his studies, and no longer pursued them with diligence and perseverance—they became irksome and disagreeable—of Petrarch, of those books which treat of love he became more enamoured, and they accompanied him night and day.

His father remarked this change, and attributed it to the right cause—he was alarmed—and disclosed his apprehensions to his son.

Unused

Unuſed to deceit or denial, De Montmorency owned that they were juſt; that he was deeply in love.

Hubert had formerly known the father of Eliſe—He told our hero, that he was of low origin, had raiſed himſelf to the rank of *Fermier General* by meanneſs, and in that ſtation had acquired a large fortune by oppreſſion and injuſtice. He adviſed him, therefore, to conquer his attachment to Eliſe, as a connection with that family would diſgrace the blood of the Montmorency's—our Hero heard him with attention——He promiſed to try to overcome his love——"Ah! (ſaid he to himſelf) though "Monſieur de St. Clair may be un-"worthy of our eſteem, is that a reaſon "why Eliſe ſhould be deſpiſed alſo?

"—oh,

" —oh, no!"—he found it therefore impoſſible to comply with his father's wiſhes.

" Diſcretion, reaſon, what are ye to " Love."

Alas! the reſult of all his efforts to obey his father was, that he loved Eliſe with more ardour than ever.

CHAPTER X.

A rural fete upon a ſon's return—A declaration of love, and an interruption.

OUR hero had received for the ſervice he had rendered their daughter, a general invitation from Monſieur and Madame de St. Clair, of which he failed not to avail himſelf often.

Many were the opportunities he had of diſcloſing his paſſion for Eliſe, but invincible modeſty tied his tongue; he would have preſerved an eternal ſilence, but for the following event.

Young de St. Clair, who had been ſome time on his travels, arrived at the chateau, to the great joy of his parents, who were reſolved to celebrate his arrival by a *fete champetre.*

De Montmorency had been introduced on his arrival—he had conceived a diſlike for him at firſt ſight.

His appearance was haughty and his manners inſolent—our hero's congratulations upon his return he received with a mark'd indifference, and his acknowledgements were couch'd in a ſtiff formality that rendered them rude and diſguſting.

To this ſplendid entertainment, ſpringing from parently joy, all the young and gay of the neighbourhood were invited, and among the reſt De Montmorency, who

who had the inexpreſſible happineſs of being honoured with the hand of his lovely Eliſe for the evening—an honour perſonally beſtowed on him by her father as a teſtimony of the ſenſe he had of the ſervice which had been rendered her by him.

The *fete* was celebrated on a lawn before the houſe, over which hung a canopy of blue ſilk drawn into feſtoons and bordered with a deep gold fringe—the whole was ſupported by the trees that ſkirted the lawn, and which were decorated with garlands of natural flowers entwined with variagated lamps ſo as to make the whole have a pleaſing and enchanting effect.

De Montmorency and Eliſe commenced the dancing with a minuet—the

elegance

elegance of her movement acted as an inſpiration on him, and as he was more than ordinary aſſiduous in his exertions ſo was he more than ordinary ſucceſsful in his execution—every eye was delighted while they were engaged in the dance and every tongue was employed in their praiſe when they concluded—Several other minuets followed, many of which were executed with grace and judgement, but ſtill Eliſe and De Montmorency were unanimouſly admitted to have ſhewn an infinite degree of ſuperiority.

The minuets continued until the gueſts were invited to partake of an elegant collation—it was ſerv'd up in another part of the Park equally ſuperb and fancifully decorated as that in which they had been enjoying the dance—De Montmorency

morency found his ſpirits elated; Eliſe was equally gay and inſpired—they chatted, laughed, ſung, and exchanged a thouſand tender glances.

The luxuries of the table were however inſufficient to detain them long from the faſcinating ſports of Tyrpſichore—the younger part of the company returned to partake of the pleaſures of the country dance—De Montmorency ſtill enjoyed the happineſs of Eliſe's hand—delighted with each other they kept up the ſpirit of the company for a conſiderable time, but at length Eliſe complained of heat and fatigue—our hero immediately led her to an arbour at ſome diſtance from the company.

Exhilarated by the evening's entertainments he felt himſelf poſſeſſed of courage

courage ſufficient to declare the impreſſion her charms had made upon his heart—He caſt his eyes upon her with a look that plainly ſpake the conflict of his ſoul, and preparing to tell his tale an involuntary ſigh ſtopped the ſtory of his tongue—the emotions of her boſom were evident in the deep bluſhes that glowed upon her cheek—ſhe turned her face from him—He took hold of her hand and tenderly preſſed it between his—ſhe roſe from her ſeat in confuſion, and ſcarcely knowing what ſhe ſaid begged to return to the company, as their long abſence might be taken notice of—upon this ſhe would have quitted the arbour but he ſtill holding her hand and preſſing it to his breaſt prevented her, at the ſame time panting with fear leſt ſhe

ſhould

ſhould be offended at his temerity, he replied, with a voice ſcarcely audible, " Leave me not, Eliſe! one moment " ſpare to me."—She trembled, bluſhed and ſat down—He dropped upon one knee, and his eyes ſparkling with gratitude for her condeſcenſion he proceeded, " No, Eliſe, think it not too much to " let me enjoy your company a few mo- " ments longer—I have ſomething to " communicate—it is of conſequence " to my happineſs—I have wiſhed to " tell you, have repeatedly intended it, " but doubt and apprehenſion have as " conſtantly prevented me—let me not " then loſe this moment and Heaven " grant it may prove a propitious one— " Look not with contempt upon me, " moſt lovely Eliſe, when I ſay that I

" love

" love and adore you—my happineſs or
" miſery depends upon you—you are
" the miſtreſs of my fate—I know the
" weakneſs of my claim—your equal
" in fortune I am not, in birth I——"

" Heyday, Monſieur!" (cried young St. Clair, who at this moment broke in upon them, and ſurpriſed De Montmorency on his knees) " you are wonder-
" fully gallant; but come it may as well
" ſubſide for the preſent the greateſt
" part of the company having miſſed,
" and been enquiring for you."

The ſudden and unexpected appearance of St. Clair, together with the ſarcaſtic manner of his addreſs had ſuch an effect that our hero look'd ſilly and confus'd and Eliſe had ſome difficulty to prevent herſelf from fainting.

They

They aroſe and again joined the company and the dance, but their mirth had been effectually put an end to by St. Clair's interruption—They were both chagrined and diſappointed—De Montmorency however took an opportunity in the courſe of the evening to aſk Eliſe if it would not be too preſumptuous to expect her in the morning at the oak tree—ſhe bluſhed her conſent—and the reſt of the evening paſſed away without that pleaſure and ſatisfaction which the former part of it had promiſed.

CHAPTER XI.

A mutual Vow.

DE MONTMORENCY, when he returned home, which was not till late, revolved in his mind the tranſactions of the day—St. Clair's interruption he thought was not accidental, and he predicted that from him much unhappineſs would certainly enſue.

Such inauſpicious thoughts kept him from being able to obtain one moment's ſleep, and he aroſe with a countenance pale and his ſpirits dejected—he nevertheleſs

theleſs proceeded to the place of appointment, where he had not been long when Eliſe joined him—her preſence revived his hopes and cheer'd that gloom which had o'erpowered his ſpirits and ſunk him almoſt into deſpair.

De Montmorency, after making his acknowledgements for her thus indulging him, reſumed the converſation of the preceeding evening——

"Oh, Eliſe, ſaid he, though unequal in "fortune, I am deſcended from anceſ-"tors that will not diſgrace you—and "though ſmall the gift of fortune I en-"joy, I have enough for the neceſſaries "of life—I aſk not wealth, but love—"Oh, anſwer me, then Eliſe, ſay that "I am not diſagreeable to you."—He pauſed for her anſwer.

She

She remained silent—the tear trickled down her cheek, and her bosom heaved with a thousand emotions.

De Montmorency pressed her hand gently to his lips and continued—— "Why those tears, my Elise, am I to "consider them as falling, because you "are unable to give me your love?—if "so—if some happier man possess your "affections—Oh! may you be as happy "as the wishes of De Montmorency can "make you.—He may be, he must be "unhappy, for his love for Elise can "never cease—but he will bury himself "and his passion in silence and obscurity, "and never shall his presence give a "pang to the bosom of her, whose hap-"piness is a million times dearer to him "than his own."

De

De Montmorency finding his ſpirits exhauſted, laid his head gently on Eliſe's hand, and burſt into tears.

She had been unable to ſpeak during the latter part of our hero's ſpeech; her emotions prevented her—The attitude, the tears of De Montmorency affected her—ſhe begged him to riſe—ſhe hid her face with her hands.

"If I err, ſaid ſhe, Heaven and De "Montmorency I hope will forgive me "—let him not afflict himſelf—let him "think that Eliſe has ſaid what he would "wiſh her."

De Montmorency liſted up his head in a tranſport of joy—"Do I hear right—"ſure I dream—did my Eliſe ſay ſhe "loved me—Oh! bliſs unutterable!—

"oh!

" oh! happineſs too much almoſt to " bear."

Eliſe was overwhelmed with confuſion, ſhe dared not look De Montmorency in the face—almoſt delirious with rapture he ſtarted up, and catching her in his arms, imprinted on her lips an ardent impaſſioned kiſs—" Oh, my Eliſe look " up, be not aſhamed at having thus " made me happy—you do not repent " at having raiſed De Montmorency from " the depth of deſpair ?"

" Oh, no, no, Montmorency!" replied Eliſe, in a voice more ſoft than the gentle Zephyr's, when on ſome ſtill evening, he whiſpers through the trees, " Oh, no, Montmorency!" and ſhe reclined her head on his ſhoulder.

Our

Our hero was intoxicated with delight, and ſcarce could believe the evidence of his ſenſes—Recollecting her ſituation ſhe withdrew from his arms—the tint of modeſty flufh'd in her cheeks, ſhe trembled leſt ſhe had o'erleapt its bounds, but conſcious innocence ſoon diſſipated all her terrors and ſhe again ſat herſelf down on the bench.

De Montmorency was loſt in a maze of joy—Eliſe was melted into ſoftneſs—they remained ſilent for ſome time, but a thouſand looks which ſpake more forcibly than any words paſſed between them—a language in which all lovers converſe and which all lovers inſtantly underſtand.

It was time that they ſhould part—Eliſe would be miſſed if ſhe ſtaid any

longer — De Montmorency knew not how to part with her—it was requiſite they ſhould not be ſeen together, yet he would attend her to the avenue of trees, and there they ſeparated, but not until he had drawn from her a promiſe to meet him again at the ſame place the next morning.

An hundred times did ſhe turn her head to take a laſt look at him as ſhe walked up to the chateau, and as repeatedly did he kiſs his hand to her as a tender and parting adieu.

CHAPTER XII.

A retroſpect with ſome requiſite information.

IT will be neceſſary to the future elucidation of our hiſtory to make the reader ſomewhat more acquainted with the motives that influenced and diſpoſition that guided young St. Clair.

During the entertainment which, as before obſerved, was given for joy at his return, he thought he obſerved ſomething more than common civility in the attention and demeanour of our hero to his ſiſter, he was reſolved therefore to

watch them narrowly, and diſcover if poſſible whether affection had ſprang out of their intimacy.

By keeping them conſtantly in his eye he obſerved De Montmorency lead Eliſe from the company during the country dances—he followed them at a diſtance, ſaw them take their ſeats in the arbour, and by turning down another walk contrived to conceal himſelf among ſome trees behind it, where he heard the firſt part of the diffident lover's addreſs—finding his ſuſpicions thus verified, yet not deeming it proper at that moment to take ſerious notice of his endeavouring to win the affection of Eliſe, he was determined to ſurpriſe them as by accident, rally them with ſeeming goodnature, and prevent any farther

farther explanation taking place for the prefent.

By adopting this method his cunning led him to imagine he fhould effect fomething more.—He knew the credulous temper of his fifter, and did not doubt but he could eafily become her confidant—herein he was miftaken, nor could all his induftry worm out the fecret from her—being deceived in this he was determined to watch her narrowly and difcover that which he was convinced fhe was defirous to conceal.

Full of this determination he became a fpy upon her fteps and actions, and while he was thus employed he communicated his fufpicions and what he had feen to his father—he likewife hinted how he intended to act—his father ap-

proved the plan and agreed with him in every particular—nor was this wonderful for the one was the exact reſemblance of the other, and both were proud, inſolent, haughty and avaritious.

Between them a ſcheme was concerted and arranged to entrap theſe unſuſpecting lovers, and a plan determined upon if it ſhould be found that any ſerious affection ſubſiſted between them—but what this plan was, and however impatient the reader may be to know, we are not at liberty to declare at preſent.

CHAPTER XIII.

An unwelcome intruſion.

DE MONTMORENCY thought himſelf the happieſt of men, beloved by Eliſe, his days rolled onward ſweetly and ſwiftly—he looked not, he thought not beyond the preſent moment, the happineſs of which he fondly hoped would be continued to ſucceſſive ones—ah! how uncertain are all human enjoyments.—The day of life how deluſive!—uſhered in by the Sun of Happineſs the Morning dawns—we look around us, every thing is cheerful—the ſun unſullied by a ſingle

cloud ſhines upon us—we are happy, and imagining our happineſs will be permanent, preſs onward with firmneſs, and with rapture—at Noon we look round us again, and the ſcene appears not ſo cheerful as formerly; we perceive a gloomineſs in it, dark clouds ariſe from the horizon and obſcure the ſun—it grows dark, the rain deſcends upon our heads in torrents — the Evening approaches, the former beauty of the ſcene is forgotten in the preſent drearineſs—and Night arriving, finds us weary, unhappy, and diſcontented.

At the uſual hour each morning Eliſe failed not to meet De Montmorency at the old Oak—there would they exchange a thouſand mutual vows of love and tenderneſs—talk with fondneſs of future

ſcenes

ſcenes of enjoyment, and promiſe themſelves in retirement, endleſs happineſs and pleaſure.

One morning they had talked over theſe ſcenes with more than uſual tenderneſs—De Montmorency on his knees had called Heaven to witneſs the ſincerity of his affection, and Eliſe in the ſame poſture had uttered the ſame invocation.

They were ſeized with a mutual melancholy — De Montmorency ſighed—Eliſe wept—her head was reclined on his ſhoulder, while he was employed in kiſſing off the pearly drops that trickled down her blooming cheeks — The world, every one, but themſelves were forgotten.

In this tender attitude—in this melting ſoftneſs, a voice from the adjoining wood called out to Montmorency, and by the title of villain, bade him deſiſt—he ſtarted up, and looking round, beheld young De St. Clair with his ſword drawn—Eliſe ſhrieked, and running to her brother, fell on her knees—She held up her claſped hands to him, and tried to ſpeak—her tongue refuſed to perform its office—ſhe fainted away.—Regardleſs of St. Clair's threats or his ſword, De Montmorency ruſhed to her aſſiſtance, and lifted her up in his arms to carry her to a neighbouring brook—De St. Clair would have prevented him, but De Montmorency puſhing him aſide, carried her to the ſide of the ſtream, and ſprinkled her face plentifully with water

this

this ſoon recovered her—ſhe opened her eyes, and looked round for her brother "Oh, hide me, ſave me from him, De "Montmorency."—and ſhe hid her face with her hands.

De Montmorency promiſing to protect her, ſhe put her arm within his, and walked ſlowly out of the wood; they there met St. Clair, who with a furious air bade our hero draw—De Montmorency ſeeing that Eliſe trembled, and was ready to faint, whiſpered De St. Clair he would meet him next morning, with which he thought fit to be contented, and walking by the ſide of Eliſe, ſuffered our hero to ſupport her home.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Duel.

DE MONTMORENCY and his Father lived more like friends, than a father and a ſon—this produced a mutual openneſs which prevented our hero from ever concealing the leaſt thing from him—What a bleſſing, as well as advantage to ſociety, would it be, did but all parents and children live upon the ſame footing.

Conſequently when De Montmorency returned home, he communicated to his father

father what had happened, and his appointment to meet St. Clair the next morning.

To Hubert, who loved his ſon with the extremeſt tenderneſs, this was afflicting intelligence; but the ſenſe of honour was ſtronger in his breaſt than any other ſenſation.

He adviſed his ſon to keep the appointment by all means, and promiſed to attend at a diſtance unſeen, in caſe his aſſiſtance ſhould be neceſſary.

De Montmorency employed himſelf all the remainder of the day in writing a farewell letter to his Eliſe, and in trying to make his peace with Heaven.

He retired to reſt, but ſleep was a ſtranger to his eyelids — The image of his Eliſe mourning his abſence, perhaps his

his death, presented itself to his imagination, and tortured him so, that he arose long before the dawn of day, and prepared himself for the approaching contest.

Hubert was as little able to sleep as his son—he arose also, and they were at the place of rendezvous some time before the hour of meeting

St. Clair, attended by his servant, whom he commanded to wait at a distance, at length appeared, and advancing to our hero, drew his sword—De St. Clair attacked him with fierceness — Montmorency cool and collected, found it no difficult matter to evade his furious assaults, and though he had St Clair's life many times in his power, from his want of skill, and the fierceness with which

which he fought; the idea of his being the brother of his Eliſe, prevented him from taking the leaſt advantage of him, and he therefore only acted upon the defenſive.—St. Clair was enraged at his adverſary's ſuperior ſkill, and began with encreaſed fury.

In the midſt of the combat, a female appeared on horſeback at a full gallop—as ſoon as ſhe came near to the combatants, ſhe threw herſelf with a diſtracted air off her horſe, and ran between them—It was Eliſe.

"Oh! Montmorency! (ſaid ſhe) will "you kill my brother?—Oh! Brother! "will you kill my Montmorency?"

Our hero was preparing to ſheathe his ſword, as a token of his unwillingneſs to injure the brother of his Eliſe, but St. Clair

Clair, regardleſs of her tears and entreaties, ſtill puſhed with fierceneſs at our hero, who reſolving to put an end to the combat, by a dexterous jerk diſarmed his adverſary, and ſnapped his ſword in the middle.

He then advanced to the trembling maid, and aſſured her, it was not his intention to injure her brother, and that he only acted defenſively.

Eliſe looked her thanks, and her approbation of his conduct; but St. Clair, enraged at being thus overcome, ſeized his ſiſter rudely by the hand, and without deigning to thank our hero for his life, helped her to mount her horſe, and bidding his ſervant bring his, rode off, and left De Montmorency ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment.

Hubert

Hubert advanced now from the wood, and on his knees returned thanks to Heaven for having made the event of the conteſt ſo conſonant to his wiſhes.

They then retired—Hubert, who ſaw many ill conſequences would ariſe to his ſon, if he continued this connection, employed the whole day in trying to perſuade him to overcome his attachment, not with that ſtern authority, which parents often uſe to their children, and which generally defeats the end intended, but with the gentleneſs of an affectionate friend.

De Montmorency, though he acquieſced in the truth of his father's obſervations, was convinced that not to love Eliſe would be impoſſible; nevertheleſs he promiſed never to act contrary to the

wiſhes

wiſhes of his father, with which Hubert was ſatisfied.

In the evening a Peaſant brought a letter for De Montmorency—It was from Eliſe—kiſſing it with ecſtacy, he opened it, and read the following contents:

" Oh! my Montmorency! I fear it " will be long 'ere we ſhall meet again— " my father has forbade me ſtirring out " by myſelf, and my brother has been in " cloſe conference ever ſince the morn- " ing—what the purport of it is, I know " not—but my forboding heart tells me " it is inimical to the happineſs of De " Montmorency and Eliſe.

" Yet, oh, yet, let us not deſpair— " let us live in the fond hope that futu- " rity has many happy days in ſtore " for us.

In

" In the mean time, let De Mont-
" morency depend on the affection of
" Eliſe, as Eliſe does in the love of
" Montmorency.

" Adieu,

" ELISE."

De Montmorency read it over a hundred times he kiſſed the dear morſel ardently, and placing it in his boſom, found it afforded him comfort, and ſome degree of pleaſure.——Eliſe's promiſe of conſtancy obliterated the idea of ſeparation; happy at the ſecurity of her love, he for a time could ſee no farther—Nothing in his thought but the object of his wiſhes he took out again her note, and again peruſed it—but how different were his ſenſations?—it now appeared a farewell epiſtle—' it will be

' long

'long ere we meet again'—"Good "Heaven's!" (ejaculated he, in the ut- "moſt anguiſh) "can I live without "the preſence of her I love?"—he went on—'inimical to the happineſs 'of De Montmorency and Eliſe'—This was a ſhaft that pierced the inmoſt receſſes of his heart;——"my own "wretchedneſs, (continued he) I could "have borne, but to be the cauſe of "rendering her miſerable whoſe happi- "neſs I ſhould think cheaply purchaſed "with the loſs of life, is more than I "can bear!"—He perplexed himſelf ſo much with theſe fancied ills, that he became almoſt frantic, but at length proceeding to her concluſion, he was more calm;—her expreſſions of affection were words of comfort, and he re-

ſolved

folved to take her advice and copy the promiſed example of his divine miſtreſs —live in the fond hope that Futurity would bring happineſs in her train nor give way to the inſinuating artifice of Deſpair.

CHAPTER XV.

A change in appearances by an unexpected offer of friendſhip.

SCARCE had De Montmorency reconciled himſelf to the ill-fortune which the letter of Eliſe gave him reaſon to apprehend was in agitation when young St. Clair was announc'd at the Hermitage to pay him a viſit.

From what had already paſſed, and the ſuſpicions he was now impreſſed with, our hero could not entertain a doubt but that his viſitor came on ſome hoſtile errand, he therefore received his ſalutations

ſalutations with a cold indifference and a ſtately politeneſs — of courſe he was much ſurpriſed when St. Clair, approaching him, took hold of his hand and requeſted his pardon for his late indefenſible behaviour.

As De Montmorency eaſily forgave thoſe who offended him it was not probable that the brother of his Eliſe ſhould apply in vain—St. Clair's apologizing for his conduct entirely baniſhed all enmity from his mind, and upon a requiſition that their future days might be mark'd with an unſhaken friendſhip it was moſt cordially acceded to.

For ſome time they converſed together with the greateſt familiarity, talked over their former purſuits, and what particular places they had viſited during their abſence

abſence from home, and ſo pleaſed did they appear with each other that St. Clair preſſed De Montmorency ſo eagerly to accompany him to his father's he was forced to conſent, and they ſat off together for his chateau.

Upon their arrival he was received with more than uſual kindneſs by Monſieur and Madame de St. Clair; and need we ſay by Eliſe with pleaſure and delight.

De Montmorency was amazed at this extraordinary change of behaviour, he fear'd it was too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantial; yet he hoped and thought it was poſſible to proceed from a conviction of having behaved improperly to him, and for which they were now deſirous to make reparation.

When

When he was about to depart they inſiſted upon his remaining and ſpending the day with them—it was the habitation of Eliſe and how could he refuſe?—Upon riſing from dinner Monſieur de St. Clair requeſted his gueſt to favour him with his company, and taking hold of his hand led him to his ſtudy, where in the moſt friendly manner he entered into a ſerious converſation with him—wondered how a young gentleman of his active diſpoſition could bear to live a life of idleneſs and inactivity; and, upon our hero's proteſting it was abſolutely contrary to his inclinations but that at preſent he knew not how to change it, he voluntary offered to uſe his intereſt (and which he did not doubt would be ſufficient) to procure him a poſt of honour

and employment at court—it would not, he ſaid, be conferring a favour but merely diſcharging a debt of gratitude for the the preſervation of his child.

De Montmorency was aſtoniſhed at this ſingular and unexpected inſtance of kindneſs and friendſhip, for which he thanked Monſieur de St. Clair in the handſomeſt manner, but obſerved he was not at liberty to accept the propoſition without conſulting his father, whom he promiſed to acquaint with it immediately upon his return home, and inform him of the reſult in the courſe of a few days.

The parent of Eliſe was ſatisfied with this—her love was elated at being ſo much in favour, and the point being ſettled they quitted the ſtudy.

De

De Montmorency wiſhed for an opportunity to acquaint Eliſe of this propoſal of Monſieur de St. Clair's, in order to hear her opinion, that appearing to him of as much conſequence as the determination of his father—Not finding her in the ſaloon at their return he wandered into the garden where he ſoon diſcovered her ſeated in an arbour, apparently in deep contemplation.

He approached the place, and after ſome mutual congratulations told her of her father's propoſal, at which ſhe was equally aſtoniſhed with him, but adviſed that by all means he ſhould accept of it

De Montmorency heaving a ſigh and fixing his eyes upon Eliſe — "Is my "love, (ſaid he) aware of what ſhe ad-

" vifes me to do? Does fhe not know
" that fhe bids me part with her perhaps
" for ever?"

" No, (replied fhe with a fmile) it
" is but to make love, for a fhort time,
" give place to intereft."

" And can Elife, (returned De Mont-
" morency) treat our feparation with fo
" much indifference?—My hours will
" be tedious and my days burthenfome
" when I am divided from her—and I
" had hoped fhe would fometimes have
" honoured my abfence with a figh—
" but why fhould I wifh her to be mife-
" rable?—no, I do not— may her days
" pafs over in delightful tranquility and
" may fhe ever be a ftranger to the
" poignant pangs that in fuch a cafe I
" fhould inevitably fuffer."

" Oh,

"Oh, Montmorency! (replied the "lovely maid) do you think Eliſe will "not feel the ſeparation as ſenſibly as "you can? Alas! too ſure ſhe will— "but would ſhe prove her affection by "wiſhing him to ſacrifice to her fond- "neſs ſo great a proſpect of his ad- "vancement."

De Montmorency was ſatisfied—he was more—he was enraptured—preſſing the bluſhing maid to his boſom he repeated his vows of conſtancy and that her image alone ſhould reign in his heart wherever Fate ſhould lead him, and however great the diſtance might be between them.

The expreſſive looks of Eliſe made an equal promiſe—her eyes ſparkled with pleaſure at his aſſurances of love and

conſtancy, and ſhe almoſt bleſs'd her father for his propoſal, notwithſtanding it tended to divide them, ſince it had produced ſuch ardent teſtimonies of De Montmorency's affection.

While they were ſitting thus happy in each other's love they were joined by the St. Clair's—Monſieur and Madame with much affability proteſted they had been all over the grounds to ſeek for them, and young St. Clair rallied them with perfect goodnature for having again ſtolen into an arbour — thus jocund they returned back to the chateau together, and the young lovers ſpent the remainder of the day with that ecſtacy which always attends mutual confidence and affection.

CHAPTER XVI.

Family pride subdued by fatherly affection.

AS soon as De Montmorency returned home, he hastened to seek his father—he found him joyful as usual at the sight of his son—little hesitation therefore was necessary to inform him of the proposal he had received from Monsieur de St Clair.

Hubert had a very proud spirit, the pride of a long line of noble ancestors, and being now unable to confer

he was unwilling to receive favours from any one.

As ſoon as his ſon had informed him of the advantageous offer of Monſieur de St. Clair, his countenance aſſumed a gravity, and he remained for ſome time ſilent—He felt it as a matter worthy conſideration—On one hand he thought it would be a degradation to the illuſtrious name of Montmorency,—on the other the future advancement and welfare of his ſon appeared the natural conſequence; this, added to the probability that by accepting the propoſal he might eſtabliſh his fame, and be able to ſupport the name of Montmorency in its former ſplendour, totally ſilenced every ſentiment of pride, and he conſented that his ſon ſhould ſubmit to accept the patronage

tronage of a man to whom riches alone gave intereſt and importance.

His father determining in its favour, and Eliſe being an advocate for it, De Montmorency could not think of objecting to again quitting home—to exchange the ſociety of thoſe he loved for the buſy ſcenes of court;—honour and aſſiduity, he thought, would lead him to fame and fortune, and the beloved object of his heart become his glorious reward.

The enſuing morning, therefore, he walked up to Monſieur de St. Clair's, and informed him of his father's conſent, and his readineſs to accept his promiſſed recommendation—The information was received with pleaſure, and aſſurances of the greateſt exertions for his advan-

tage followed.—Delay was considered as improper, and therefore the end of the following week was fixed upon for his departure for Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Farewell.

THE nearer the day of his departure approached, the more reluctance De Montmorency felt to his intended journey—The preparations were ſtabs to his peace, and his heart ſickened at the idea of ſeparation.

It was often in his thoughts to decline the propoſal altogether, but this his pride conſtantly oppoſed, and prevented him from putting into execution—To be conſidered as a weak and unſteady cha-

racter was his averſion, and to be ſuſpected not to poſſeſs a wiſh to merit his Eliſe not to be borne.

The day preceding that on which he was to ſet out on his journey, he was invited to ſpend at the chateau; to take leave of his friends and bid adieu to his miſtreſs.

To him and to Eliſe it was a melancholy one indeed—continued farewells glanced in their looks, and the tear of affection ſparkled in their eyes—While the reſt of the family ſeemed overjoyed at the intended journey of De Montmorency, he curſed the want of fortune, and the charms of riches which alone created this fatal neceſſity, which forced him to tear himſelf from all he held moſt dear.

At

At length o'erpowered with the continued converſation of his departure, the lovely Eliſe wept, and De Montmorency, but for ſhame, could have accompanied her—To prevent particular notice ſhe withdrew 'till dinner was ſerved up, of which ſhe partook but little.—The fineneſs of the day tempted them to riſe from table much ſooner than cuſtomary, for the purpoſe of enjoying a walk in the gardens and pleaſure grounds round the chateau.

De Montmorency wiſhed to be alone with Eliſe, he panted for an opportunity to take a tender farewell of her, he contrived therefore to draw her, as he imagined unperceived, from the reſt of the company—miſtaken, however, as he

he was in that point, they did not think proper to oppoſe or prevent it.

When they had wandered to the end of a ſerpentine walk far from the ſight of any one, De Montmorency found it impoſſible to conceal his emotions any longer.

He caught the lovely maid in his arms, and preſſing her affectionately to his boſom burſt into a flood of tears—Eliſe could not ſupport this mark of tenderneſs without being equally affected—ſhe wept in concert with him—Thus overcome with ſympathetic grief at parting, they remained ſome time in ſilence—neither of them were able to give utterance to a ſingle word.

De Montmorency was aſhamed of this unmanly behaviour—Was it for a ſoldier

ſoldier to give way to womaniſh weeping—He ſaw the lovely Eliſe almoſt ſinking beneath the weight of woe—he felt it his duty to comfort her, and ſummoned up his reſolution accordingly. He withdrew from her embrace, and kiſſed the drops that fell in abundance from her lovely eyes.

A ſeat was in view, to that they repaired, and after reſting ſome little time he endeavoured to perſuade her to maſter a grief which he was unable to conquer himſelf.

" My Eliſe; my love—do not give " way thus to ſorrow—be comforted " —let us not deſpair—we ſhall meet " again, and that ſhortly—let my ſweet " girl conſider that her faithful De " Montmorency is only going for a lit-

tle

" tle time from her, to prepare for " thoſe future ſcenes of bliſs, which " Heaven will permit us to enjoy " together."

" Alas, (replied Eliſe) I know it is " impious to deſpair—I try not to do it " —but I find it impoſſible—I have a " fixed melancholy, a fatal forboding " about my heart, that tells me we ſhall " never, never meet again."

The lovely maid burſt a ſecond time into tears, and De Montmorency felt himſelf chilled to the ſoul by thoſe laſt words of Eliſe—he could not reply a word, nor could he reſtrain the tears from again trickling down his cheeks

However unwilling they were to ſeparate, reflection again told them it was now time they ſhould return to the company

company—Elise pointed out the necessity, and she bid him a last farewell.

De Montmorency throwing himself on his knees, and clasping his hands together, in an emphatic tone of voice, and looking up to Heaven——

"Father of all, (said he) oh! hear!—"oh! grant me the accomplishment of "my wishes!—endue my Elise with for-"titude to bear the absence of her De "Montmorency.

"Oh! make their separation short;—"suffer them to meet again with transport, and permit them to enjoy many "many years of happiness together!—"but if, (oh! yet avert this dreadful "event!) we are to meet no more—oh, "pour upon her head blessings un-"numbered: and, when he is no more,

may

" may the image of De Montmorency
" never intrude upon her remembrance
" to cauſe one painful thought, or excite
" one tear of anguiſh."

Having concluded his heart-felt addreſs to Heaven, he aroſe from his poſture of ſupplication, but was obliged to the aſſiſtance of a neighbouring tree for its ſupport, or his anguiſh would have laid him level with his mother earth.

Eliſe, who had been almoſt convulſed with grief, during De Montmorency's pathetic prayer, now dropped down alſo on her knees, and in a voice interrupted by tears, uttered the following emphatic ejaculation:——

" To Thee, who alone can beſtow
" peace and happineſs, an afflicted female

" ſues

" ſues—oh! ſave her De Montmorency " from danger—protect him in the day of " trouble—and after a ſhort ſeparation, " return him to the arms of his faithful " Eliſe, conſtant and affectionate as " ever—but if, oh! if we meet no more!" ſhe could not proceed, her emotions were too violent and acute, her nerves became enfeebled, and ſhe ſunk upon the ground in a ſwoon.

De Montmorency raiſed her in his arms, and upon her recovery they interchanged a hundred mutual vows of never ending love and truth, bade each other a hundred times farewell for the laſt time, and ſtill returned to embrace each other for the laſt time once more.

At length, perceiving ſome of the family croſſing the walk at a diſtance, they

they were obliged to part—"Farewell,' "oh, farewell, (said De Montmorency) "doubt not we shall meet again, fate "cannot be so cruel to prevent it—oh! "fear, fear it not." Saying this he presented Elise with a miniature portrait of himself, praying her to wear it for the sake of the original, which she received with pleasure, and kissing it, placed it in her bosom, where she promised it should remain her chiefest delight until his return.

"Adieu, my dear, dear De Mont- "morency, (continued Elise) remem- "ber how long thy Elise will think "each hour of separation, make it, "therefore, as short as possible—delay "not, but return with all speed to her "who lives but in your presence, and

may

" may the Almighty bleſs and protect " you."

Again he folded her in his arms, nor did ſhe through coy modeſty fail to return his embrace—his preſent ſhe amply repaid, by preſenting him with her own miniature, which he received on his knees, kiſſed it ardently, and vowed it ſhould accompany him through every danger, and to the laſt hour of exiſtence.

With another laſt kiſs, another laſt embrace they at length ſummoned reſolution to tear themſelves from each other's arms.

" Adieu, my deareſt Eliſe! (ſaid De " Montmorency as he quitted her) may " the guardian angel of innocence and " virtue attend your ſteps, enrich your

" days

" days with joy and crown your nights " with peace!"

Upon this they ſeparated and returned by different paths to the houſe, in order, as they fondly imagined, to avoid the ſuſpicion of having been the whole time of their abſence together.

De Montmorency, it is true, again joined the company—it is equally ſo that he endeavoured to aſſume the appearance of being in ſpirits, but in vain; he found the evening long, dull and unentertaining, and glad was he when it drew towards a concluſion.

The hour no ſooner arrived in which he thought he could depart with propriety than he intimated his intentions to Monſieur De St. Clair, who taking him aſide, preſented him with a letter, which

he

he accompanied by an aſſurance would procure him the intereſt of a powerful nobleman, and wiſhing him every poſſible ſucceſs and happineſs, bade him farewell.

Our hero thanked him in the warmeſt manner for his kindneſs, took a polite leave of Madame and young St Clair, and mounted his horſe to return home.

Fortunately at this moment Eliſe was not preſent, and he had not again to undergo the painful taſk of taking leave of her—indeed ſhe purpoſely took an opportunity of retiring to keep out of the way, ſenſible that they ſhould both have betrayed ſymptoms that were much better concealed.

As he was proceeding down the avenue of trees, he turned his head back

to

to take a parting look at the dwelling of Eliſe, and beheld her at a diſtant window—She waved her lovley hand to him—De Montmorency would have returned but he knew it could anſwer no purpoſe, nor would he be enabled to ſpeak to her—leaving therefore his whole ſoul with her, kiſſing his hand and bowing moſt reſpectfully, he with a ſlow pace continued on his way, but not without continually looking back at the window while it was in view, where Eliſe ſtill remained to take a laſt, laſt farewell ſight of him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The departure.

THE taking leave of Eliſe was not the only ſevere trial De Montmorency had to undergo—he had ſtill to part with his father!

Once before had Hubert known what it was to be ſeparated from a ſon whom he loved with the utmoſt affection, and who conſtituted his ſole happineſs—it was then a hard taſk; but his filial duty and attention ſince his return had now

rendered his preſence ſo ineſtimable that the idea of loſing his endearing ſociety was almoſt too much for him.

When alone Hubert gave way to his ſorrow upon the occaſion, but determined within himſelf that his ſon's ſpirits ſhould not be damp'd by any intruſion of his grief—yet, in ſpite of his endeavours, when the trying moment came the tears trickled down his aged cheeks and all his firm reſolves melted into nothing.

All was prepared and De Montmorency was to ſet out for Paris in the morning—Hubert, therefore, upon their preparing to retire to their different apartments, folded his arms round his ſon intending to recommend him to the care of Heaven—at that inſtant all the

fondneſs

fondneſs of a parent came upon him and he found himſelf incapable of uttering a ſingle word, or beſtow a bleſſing upon him—his looks, his manner ſpake the excrutiating conflict of his ſoul—De Montmorency felt his father's anguiſh—his heart was almoſt rent in twain!—and burſting out with a wildneſs bordering on diſtraction:

"Cruel, curſed Fortune! (exclaimed "he) to follow whom we are forced to "tear ourſelves from parents, from every "endearing connection! from all we "love! while thou, fickle goddeſs! often mockeſt our purſuits and refuſeſt "to recompence us for the ſacrifice we "oblige ourſelves to make thee!"

"Oh, my ſon! (cried Hubert, recovering himſelf as much as poſſible)

" let not the weakneſs of old age damp
" your youthful ardour in the glorious
" career—the name of Montmorency
" has heretofore ſtood high in the annals
" of our country—go thou and reſcue
" it from its preſent obſcurity—that peo-
" ple who have boaſted of the talents of
" a Montmorency; that king who has
" been proud of his ſervices, will hear
" your name with joy, and encourage
" your merits and virtue with pleaſure—
" ſerve them truly, and ever think the
" eſteem of your country, and an honeſt
" fame the greateſt good on this ſide
" Heaven."

De Montmorency promiſed to obey—the ſentiments were congenial to his own—honour was the idol of his worſhip—nor did family pride reign more pre-

predominant in Hubert's breaſt than in his—With reciprocal ſymptoms of affection, it being late, they retired to reſt; the ſon happy in being honoured with the advice of ſuch a father, and the father rendering thanks to his heavenly Creator for ſuch a ſon.

So much affected was our hero with what had juſt paſſed that he was determined to ſet off as ſoon as the morning dawned, in order to ſpare his father and himſelf the pain of another parting—With this view he aroſe at the ſecond crowing of the cock, and ſtole ſoftly down ſtairs—paſſing by Hubert's room he obſerved the door was not faſtened—he was tempted to ſee his father once more; and hoping he might do ſo unperceived and without diſturbing him

with tip-toe ſtep he ventured in and approached his bed-ſide.

He was aſleep—upon his pillow was a prayer-book, out of which he had been praying for the proſperity of his ſon, and from an handkerchief lying by there was evident reaſon to believe that tears had accompanied his prayers.

De Montmorency felt himſelf affected—he could willingly have fell upon his knees, but the apprehenſion that he ſhould awaken his father prevented him; lifting up his eyes to Heaven he ejaculated an ardent though ſilent prayer and then retreated out of the room—when he got down ſtairs, early as it was, there he found the attentive old domeſtic already up and waiting his young maſter's commands—He deſired his horſe to be

inſtantly

inſtantly got ready, which being done the faithful creature followed him to the door with tears in his eyes—our hero obſerved it, and taking hold of his hand wiſhed him many days of happineſs, thank'd him for his honeſt attachment, and deſired to be remembered in his prayers.

The poor old man bathed his hand with his tears, but he could not ſpeak—De Montmorency therefore ſhaking him again by the hand, and caſting up a glance to his father's apartment, mounted his horſe and proceeded on his way.

As he went on, without company and deſtitute of ſpirits, a thouſand diſtreſſing ideas agitated his mind—thought roll'd on thought with quick ſucceſſion, nor had he time to decide upon one before

another came—he had not however gone any great way before one ſtruck his fancy which he was reſolved to put in execution—it was to ride within ſight of the chateau, and take another look at the window where he had laſt beheld his adorable Eliſe.

There are ſome minds ſo unacquainted with the delicate emotions of a lover's heart that the idea of looking at an unoccupied window will appear trifling and ridiculous—ſuch beings our hero would not have conſidered worthy a moment's thought, and ſuch the records of his early days are not likely to pleaſe; while others of more refined ſenſibility, knowing what it is to love, will overlook the extravagance of a lover, nor think meanly of him for adopting ſuch a reſolution,

nor

nor weakly of us for conſidering of it as deſerving relation.

Turning his horſe therefore he rode towards the chateau, and ſtopped exactly oppoſite the window at which his dearest Eliſe had ſtood—all was huſh'd, and ſcarce did the verdant leaf tremble on the yielding bough—for a while he gazed with ſilent rapture and form'd her beauteous image in his mind—he knew the dwelling held his ſoul's idol, and on that account it was an object dear to his ſight. At length rouſed from his reverie by a noiſe at a diſtance:

" Amiable Eliſe, (ſaid he) dear, love-
" ly maid! thou ſeekeſt that repoſe,
" which, oh, may thy pillow always af-
" ford thee!—far off, though thy Mont-
" morency is wandering, ſtill ſhalt thy

" image be preſent to his imagination—
" thy aſſurances of affection for him
" ſhall ever be remembered—thy vows
" of conſtancy ſhall never be forgotten:
" Each night ſhall he not retire to
" reſt till he has petitioned the throne
" of Heaven to watch over thy ſlumbers
" and ſecure thy happineſs!—and may
" thoſe prayers reach the All-Divine and
" Merciful ear, and prove as fruitful to
" thee as they are ſincere!"

He now prepared to retire from the bewitching ſpot, and turning his horſe's head for that purpoſe was ſurpriſed with the appearance of young St. Clair, and who was advancing towards him—confus'd at having his weakneſs thus diſcovered he would gladly have ſhunned the meeting, but it was now too late—he

was

was unable to form a pretence for having wandered ſo far out of his road; in ſhort he dreaded being an object of ridicule—Conſcience however acted upon our hero in this inſtance, as ſhe is daily felt to do by others, and magnified a trifle into an evil when no evil was near; for upon St. Clair's approach he merely teſtified a ſurpriſe at ſeeing him thus early prepared for his journey, and after the common ſalutations proceeded with:

" Why this early ſtirring proves an " inclination to be gone—but the acti- " vity of De Montmorency's mind and " his perſevering ſpirit muſt enſure ſuc- " ceſs to all his undertakings—this par- " ticular reſpect to our family in coming " round this way will be ſenſibly felt by " us all, and ſorry am I that my father

" is not yet up to make his own ac-
" knowledgements for the honour, as
" ſuch he was certain it would be felt
" and conſidered."

Such was the turn this terrific meeting in appearance took—De Montmorency declared he thought it no more attention than was their due for the many favors he had received at their hands—ſhould have been happy to have ſeen Monſieur de St. Clair, had he been ſtirring, but as it was begged he would make his moſt profound reſpects to the whole family—upon this they parted, young St. Clair to the chateau and De Montmorency on his way to Paris, towards which with a mournful and heavy heart he proceeded.

CHAPTER XIX.

A trifling accident the cauſe of a new acquaintance—a tale—two lover's made happy—and a reception.

HIS reflections on the road were of the moſt poignant kind—he revolved within himſelf his preſent purſuit—he conceived, that for an unſubſtantial proſpect, he was leaving a real good, and for the lurements of wealth, he was forſaking ſcenes of happineſs—theſe conſiderations would have certainly induced him to return home, had it not been oppoſed

poſed by the dictates of pride; this made his great heart ſwell with indignation at his own weakneſs, and urged him onward towards the capital.

As he was paſſing through a ſmall Village, thus perplexed with con icting paſſions, and the moſt melancholy thoughts, his horſe's ſhoe came off, and he was forced to alight at a little neat cottage, to ſtop till another could be put on—The cottage was inhabited by an old woman, and a beautiful young girl, her daughter—her whoſe countenance was ſimplicity itſelf—but a certain air of dejection, threw a cloud over it, and frequent ſighs, declared that ſhe was not happy—De Montmorency, who felt for every one in diſtreſs, was reſolved to enquire the cauſe—the maiden at firſt betrayed

trayed an unwillingneſs to own ſhe was unhappy, but at length, by perſeverance, our hero drew from her the following confeſſion.

ANNETTE's TALE.

"AN'T pleaſe you, Sir, William and "I were brought up here in the ſame "village from our infancy—we uſed to "play and dance together—he preferred "me to all the girls in the neighbour-"hood, and I thought him the moſt "blitheſome lad I ever ſaw—he ſaid "he loved me, and I confeſſed I did the "ſame for him, and we both promiſed to "love one another all our lives—as we "grew up, our reſolutions were the "ſame, and every body in the place thought

" thought we ſhould certainly be mar-
" ried—and ſo we ſhould had it not been
" for ſome ſoldiers who came to our
" village—they, at firſt artfully enticed
" William into their company, and at
" length, prevailed on him to reſolve
" that he would go for a ſoldier—I tried
" all in my power to perſuade him
" againſt it, but it would not do, he ſaid
" he was bound by duty, to ſerve the
" *Grande Monarque* whenever he wanted
" ſoldiers, he wanted them now, and
" go he would—'Alas, Sir, what is the
" *Grande Monarque* to us poor villagers?
" —he does not know us, he cannot
" care for us'—and ſo I told William,
" begged him, with tears in my eyes, to
" ſtay at home, and by care and induſtry
" we might poſſibly get a little vineyard

" of

" of our own in time, but I could not
" prevail—he would go—Alas, no one
" knows, Sir, how I mourned his ab-
" ſence for two long, long years—It
" came afterwards into my head that he
" would be killed, but theſe thoughts I
" always checked, becauſe they were
" wrong—the Almighty, ſays I, who is
" the father of us all, and loves us, will
" not take my William from me, for
" that would be cruel, and contrary to
" his goodneſs—ſo I bore his abſence as
" patiently as I could—at the end of two
" years, the wars being ended he came
" home again—oh, Sir, how happy did
" I feel myſelf at his return!—but, alas,
" my happineſs was ſoon changed!—in-
" ſtead of that love and tenderneſs he
" had always ſhewn me before he went

" away

" away—he is now totally indifferent,
" and ſcarcely ever comes near me; as
" I love him as dearly as ever, it is his
" ſlighting grieves me ſo—I am ſure
" I ſhall never be happy again—but I
" ſhould not ſo much mind if I could
" only work as I uſed to do, towards
" ſupporting my poor mother, who is
" unable to do it herſelf, and who will
" moſt probably be ſtarved, ſhould
" William's inconſtancy be the death
" of me."

The artleſs ſimplicity of the poor girl, touched De Montmorency, and he reſolved to do her all the ſervice he could—he ſent for William—William was a comely healthy looking lad—as ſoon as he

he came into the room, and ſaw Annette, he bluſhed.

" William, (ſaid De Montmorency) " how comes it that you have broke your " promiſes to your Annette? why have " you ceaſed loving her?"

" An't, pleaſe your honour, (replied " William) I love her now as well as " ever, but when I was in the army, " and uſed to talk about her to my com- " rades, they would laugh at me, and " call me fool for being conſtant to her, " as they were certain ſhe would not be " ſo to me; by this means they made " me aſhamed of talking of my Annette " while I was with them, although I " gave no credit to what they ſaid againſt " her; but when I came back to our " village, I was told all they ſuſpected

" was

" was right, and that ſhe had not been
" true to me—and this, your honour, is
" why I have neglected her—had ſhe
" been faithful to me, I ſhould never
" have forſook her, and though her in-
" conſtancy has made me do it, it
" has coſt me many a heart ach, God
" knows."

De Montmorency ſaw that William's neglect proceeded not from inclination, and as Annette proteſted her innocence, he acted accordingly—" William, (ſaid
" he) who told you Annette was incon-
" ſtant? for whoever told you ſo, I am
" ſure, told you falſe—they deceived
" you, for ſome wicked purpoſe—you
" ſhall not make Annette unhappy—
" conſent to marry her, and I'll give you
" a hundred livres for her portion."

William

William was too much pleaſed at the ſincerity of his Annette to refuſe, and De Montmorency taking her by the hand joined it to his, and he received it with pleaſure—preparations were inſtantly made for the marriage of William and Annette, and our hero did not depart from the village, without the pleaſing reflections of having been the means of making two harmleſs creatures happy.

His horſe's ſhoes having been replaced in the mean time, he again ſet off for Paris, where he arrived in a few day afterwards, without any particular circumſtance happening—Having taken the neceſſary reſt after the fatigues of his journey, he dreſt himſelf, and went to deliver Monſieur de St. Clair's letter as directed.

The

The Nobleman read it ſeveral times over, eyeing De Montmorency all the time with peculiar attention, and at length ſaid, that he would fulfil the wiſhes of his friend Monſieur de St. Clair, but as ſome days would elapſe before he could execute them, requeſted our hero to favour him, in the mean time, with his company at his houſe.

De Montmorency drew a happy preſage from this reception, and returning the nobleman thanks for his politeneſs, complied accordingly.

CHAPTER XX.

A religious ceremony interrupted — Reaſon ſubſervient to love, exemplified in the Hiſtory of St. Julian *and* Arabella.

THE interval between our hero's arrival at Paris, and the time fixed by the nobleman for fulfilling the requeſt of Monſieur de St. Clair, he reſolved to employ in viewing the moſt remarkable places in Paris with more attention than on his former viſit he had leiſure to do— he was the more eſpecially induced to fill up his time in that manner from imagining, that beſides being ſome employment

ment and satisfying his curiosity it might in some measure detach his thoughts from his dearest Elise, and obtain some suspension of the corroding pangs of separation—to eradicate the beloved object but a moment from the mind how difficult was it to De Montmorency! how nearly impossible is it to all those who love sincerely.

Absence can possibly decrease an affection which is not founded upon truth and sincerity, but serves only to make it stronger when the heart is forced to acknowledge an esteem for the object of its wishes is more deeply rooted there than any passion whatever.

De Montmorency resorted to the gardens of the Thuilleries, they were beautiful; he was obliged to acknowledge it: but

ſtill would he ſay to himſelf, with a ſigh, " How much more ſo would they appear " was my charming Eliſe here to view " them with me!"

The gallery of Luxemberg was magnificent—but ſtill to him there wanted one addition to render it a perfect ſpectacle—had Eliſe been there he would have readily admitted nothing could poſſibly be more grand.

While he was paſſing his time in this manner, viſiting every place that was likely to engage his attention or kill the idle hour, he hapened one evening in a ſolitary ramble to come to the Convent of St. ———; where he beheld a concourſe of people crowding in—on enquiring into the cauſe of ſuch an unuſual circumſtance, he was told a young

lady was then going to take the veil—this was a ceremony he had never beheld, and therefore curiosity, or rather a desire to amuse his thoughts, led him to mix with the people that was about the place and proceed with them into the Convent, and being got into the chapel of which, he took his seat in one of the galleries without any person's interrupting him, and where he thought he should be able to see the whole proceedings with the greatest advantage.

The chapel was ornamented in a superb manner—the priests were arranged in order and anxiously waiting to receive their devoted victim—at her approach being announced they prepared for their official duties with pleasure sparkling in their eyes—A solemn silence ensued,

for

for although the aſſembly was numerous yet each being intent upon the ceremony and anxious to obſerve all that paſſed ſcarce a breath was to be heard—She entered at the bottom of the chapel and proceeded up the aiſle towards the altar with a ſlow and ſteady ſtep—Six nuns with each a taper in their hands and ſinging an occaſional hymn began the proceſſion, they were followed by ſome little boys, walking alſo two and two, and joining in the chorus, after theſe came the devoted victim—for ſuch ſure in the eye of reaſon muſt all thoſe unfortunate females be conſidered, who from prejudice, ſuperſtition, or family policy, have been thus cut off from the firſt great principle of their creation, enjoying the comforts of, and becoming

uſeful members to, Society—The one whoſe appearance for the inauguration had drawn this aſſembly together, was majeſtical in ſtature, beautiful in perſon; her dreſs, as is uſual upon theſe occaſions, was white ſattin, being emblematic of innocence, and was diſplayed with taſte and elegance; her hair was ornamented with a ſprig of white jeſſamine, and in her left hand ſhe bore a ſmall ſlip of willow—there was an air of deep melancholy in her countenance which was inexpreſſibly ſweet and alluring—it might plainly be perceived her heart regretted bidding adieu to the world, nevertheleſs ſhe ſeemed to bear her fate with reſignation and to have ſummoned up all her fortitude to enable her to undergo the important ſacrifice ſhe was now about to make.

make.—As ſoon as ſhe advanced up to the altar the ſolemn ſervice began—an introductory prayer was followed by a grand chorus, accompanied by a deep-toned organ, whoſe awful ſounds were peculiarly impreſſive—Another prayer, in which the young lady took part with the prieſt, ſucceeded the chorus, at the concluſion of which an hymn was ſung by two of the nuns, the muſic was ſlow and melancholy, not much unlike that which is played as a requiem to departed ſouls.

The unhappy fair-one ſupported her ſpirits, during the whole ceremony, with much fortitude, until the prieſts came to that part of the ſervice which pronounces that all further communication with the world is at an end for ever—

upon that being repeated ſhe burſt into tears—every ſpectator was affected—for every one, excepting the religious order, ſeemed to acknowlege a pity for the occaſion which either induced or compell'd her to abjure the joys of friendſhip, love and ſociety—a general glow of ſympathy o'erſpread the audience, they felt for her ſituation and wept in concert with the hapleſs devoted beauty—De Montmorency's breaſt, ſoftened as it was by his own ſorrows, could not behold her diſtreſs unmoved—he wiſhed to adminiſter peace and relieve her afflictions, but he knew not how any interference on his part could render her any ſervice, he was, therefore, of neceſſity forced to remain, what he had hitherto been, a ſilent though not unconcerned ſpectator.

This

This ſcene of ſorrow paſſed unnoticed by the prieſts—cuſtom, as it is truly ſaid, makes all things eaſy; the ſurgeon amputates a limb without a ſigh, and he who is familiarized to brutal deeds knows not the ſoft ſenſations dictated by humanity — The ceremony proceeded; the brotherhood ſeemed in haſte to add one more to the number of thoſe hapleſs wretches which they had already aſſiſted in immuring from the world—They were beginning the prayer immediately preceding that which when finiſhed the poor female cannot retract her promiſe—that being ended ſhe is ſtripped of her worldly ornaments, eſteemed as initiated in the order, and habited in nun's attire—at the moment the prieſt had began this prayer a confuſed noiſe was heard at the

bottom of the aiſle which attracted the attention of every one preſent—A voice loud and vociferous was urging the people to make way—the croud ſeparated—a handſome youth, with frantic looks burſt through them—his dreſs diſordered, his air diſtracted—Regardleſs of the place, or perſons he flew like lightning up to altar:

"I am not too late, (ſaid he) the "fatal ceremony is not yet finiſhed! "kind Heaven I thank thee!"

Seizing the trembling maid by the hand and falling upon his knees he went on; "Oh, my Arabella, what means "this deſperate act? behold thy St. Ju-"lian ——" the agitation of his ſpirits prevented him from uttering any thing more.

This

This unexpected intrusion was too much for the already oppressed Arabella; she seemed ready to sink with the weight of her emotions—after some little struggle within herself she assumed a degree of spirits, and addressed him with—

"Ah, why does St. Julian interrupt "me in these sacred moments!—has he "not distressed me enough already?— "Depart St. Julian—oh! do not thus "expose me in such a situation—attempt "not by a shew of tenderness to shake "my resolution—leave me, I say; nor "seek to prevent my making this sacri- "fice to Heaven with composure and "fortitude."

"It must not, can not, shall not, be; "(rejoined he, with a look of distrac- "tion) Heaven will not listen to your

" pretended, perjur'd vows—oh! repent
" 'ere it is too late, nor raſhly plunge
" yourſelf into ceaſeleſs miſery! — the
" ceremony is not yet finiſhed—let thy
" St. Julian ſnatch thee hence—he has
" not been faithleſs, he will convince
" his Arabella he has not."

This disjointed application had its effect—ſhe melted into tears and replied in a ſoftened tone of voice—" Ah, where-
" fore! it is too late—Leave me, St.
" Julian; leave me to my ſorrows."

" O, never! never will I conſent to
" your being immured within theſe hor-
" rid walls."

Proceeding to lead her from the altar, to which ſhe did not appear averſe, the prieſts interfered; they endeavoured to come between them, but failing in that, they

they reſorted to threats for intimidation.

" Young man, (ſaid one of the moſt au-
" ſtere) how dareſt thou, thus profanely
" inturrupt our ſacred rites? inſtantly
" depart, nor draw down vengeance on
" your inconſiderate head."

" Never, (replied he, with a voice
" like thunder) your threats are in vain
" for never will I depart without my
" Arabella!—Never, (continued he, at
" the ſame time puſhing the prieſt rude-
" ly aſide, and taking her again by the
" hand) will I leave this hand more—
" if thou wilt renounce the world and
" me, thou ſhalt firſt behold my blood
" ſtream upon the altar."

" Oh, St. Julian, (interrupted the de-
" jected maid) ſhock me not with ſuch
" horrid ſounds—ſave me, ſave me from

" ſuch terrific ideas, for they rive my " heart."

The prieſts began to be alarmed for the ſecurity of their victim, and were proceeding to interfere with violence, in order to ſeparate them, upon which St. Julian drew his ſword, and threatened the firſt with inſtant death who ſhould moleſt him—this ſtruck them with conſternation—he preſſed Arabella to quit the place—ſhe appeared inclined to conſent, but afraid to recede from the taſk ſhe had undertaken—her eyes were alternately fixed on the prieſts, the altar, and her lover—her affection got the better of her reſolution and ſhe began to retreat—The ſervants of the Convent were now ſummoned to make uſe of force againſt this bold intruder.

De

De Montmorency who had ſeen the conflict of the lovers with pity, and the conduct of St. Julian with rapture, felt himſelf unable to contain any longer from endeavouring to aſſiſt them; for this purpoſe, without any farther heſitation, he leapt from the gallery into the aiſle, and drawing his ſword united with St. Julian in threatning deſtruction to any one who ſhould dare to interrupt their retreat with Arabella. With ſuch a ſupporter St. Julian had nothing to fear—placing the not unwilling Arabella between them, the people with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs making way, they were ſpeedily out of the chapel, and quitted the Convent without any other moleſtation, leaving the brotherhood aſtoniſhed at their ſudden departure; vexed

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vexed and chagrined at the loſs of ſo beautiful a nun — the audience, though diſappointed in witneſſing the concluſion of the ceremony, were yet pleaſed at the devoted victim's being thus reſcued from a life of miſerable idleneſs and corroding deſpair, except a few enthuſiaſtic devotees, who conſidered the conduct of them all as ſacrilegious and deſerving eternal puniſhment.

A carriage which St. Julian had had the foreſight to procure ſtood ready to receive them, they ſtept into it with all poſſible diſpatch, and drove off full ſpeed to a diſtant part of Paris, where St. Julian had a friend in whom he knew he could confide.

When they arrived at his friend's reſidence, agreeable to his expectations, they

they were moſt cordially received—he related as briefly as poſſible all that had paſſed and had the ſatisfaction, in return, to have aſſurances of friendſhip and aſſiſtance—When they had recovered from the agitation which the recent ſcene had naturally thrown them into, St. Julian approached his Arabella and returned thanks to Heaven for having brought him in ſufficient time and enabling him to prevent her being cut off from the world for ever.—He would have taken her in his arms and preſſed her to his panting boſom but ſhe drew back and aſſuming a ſerious air deſired to know why he had treated her with ſuch cruel neglect, and how he could juſtify his late conduct towards her.—St. Julian declared himſelf ready to obey her injunc-

tions,

tions, not doubting but he ſhould prove that he deſerved her pity more than her condemnation—nor ſhould he (he ſaid) heſitate to blend his whole hiſtory with his anſwer to Arabella, as it might render ſome little ſatisfaction to our hero who had acted ſo noble a part towards him—he therefore began his ſtory in the following manner, deducing it from the time of his birth, in order that De Montmorency might be acquainted with the whole of it.

The HISTORY *of* ARABELLA *and* St. JULIAN.

" GENEROUS Stranger! ill ſhould
" I deſerve the friendly aſſiſtance I have
" this night received from you, were
" I capa-

" I capable of diſguiſing any thing,
" I will therefore open to you all the
" ſecrets of my life, as willingly as I
" would diſcloſe them to my Arabella,
" was ſhe alone—ſhe claims a knowledge
" of the concluſion, and you are entitled
" to every particular that may tend to
" explain my late, perhaps unaccount-
" able behaviour.

" My father lives in a diſtant province
" of France, where he is poſſeſſed of a
" large eſtate—on account of ſome diſ-
" appointments in his favourite purſuits,
" he retired there with me, his only ſon,
" and a young lady, to whom he was
" guardian.

" Without any thing material to re-
" late, I paſſed the years of my infancy
" —as I grew up towards manhood, and

" had

" had almoſt attained that period of our
" lives, when the heart is 'tremblingly
' alive to love,' my father took care to
" inform me, that the young lady, to
" whom he was guardian, was the
" daughter of an intimate friend—be-
" tween them it had been ſtipulated, in
" our tendereſt infancy, that which ever
" parent died firſt, the other ſhould be
" guardian to the orphan child—and
" that when arrived at a proper age, I
" was to be united to his friend's daugh-
" ter, who, if ſhe married me, was to
" have a conſiderable portion; but which
" on failure of this marriage, if that
" failure was occaſioned on her part,
" was to devolve to a diſtant relative,
" and ſhe be entitled to only a ſmall
" annuity for life.

" I ſhould

" I ſhould firſt have told you, that
" this ward of my father's name was
" Eliza, her perſon was neither remark-
" able for beauty or deformity—in diſ-
" poſition ſhe blended all that was
" diſagreeable, proud, haughty, frac-
" tious, fond of quarrels, and amazingly
" jealous of every thing and perſon ſhe
" was by any means connected; unfor-
" tunately, ſhe had early conceived an
" affection for me, and from the manner
" of our being brought up as deſigned
" for each other, ſhe was at no pains to
" conceal it, but took every opportunity
" to teſtify how ready ſhe was to comply
" with her father's commands—her love
" became troubleſome, for I found it
" impoſſible to make her any return, and
" her fondneſs became diſguſting, and

" rendered

" rendered her my averſion—I was in
" hopes repeated and ſtudied neglect,
" would have alarmed her female pride,
" and ſubdued her diſagreeable attach-
" ment, but I was diſappointed, and had
" the misfortune to find, the more in-
" different I was, the more fond ſhe
" grew.

" About this time, an old friend of my
" father's, perſecuted by the frowns of
" fortune, and plunged into the ut-
" moſt diſtreſs, died of a broken
" heart, leaving this lady, an helpleſs,
" almoſt friendleſs orphan behind him—
" the circumſtance was repreſented to
" my father, and his heart was too open
" to the calls of humanity not to liſten
" to her diſtreſs, and hold out his hand
" for her protection—generoſity is the

" leading

" leading feature of his character, al-
" though when once he has ſet his mind
" upon a thing, his obſtinacy is not to
" be ſhaken—I had ſo much of one
" female orphan, that I heard his reſo-
" lution of bringing home another with
" diſguſt; nay, I had the hardineſs to
" oppoſe his giving ſuccour, at leaſt in
" his own houſe, to my adorable
" Arabella—but he was deaf to any thing
" I could ſay—he underſtood ſhe want-
" ed protection, had promiſed to give it
" her, and that promiſe was not to be
" broken—She was ſent for, and home
" ſhe came—for ſeveral days ſhe was in
" the houſe before we met, and this was
" eaſy to happen, as I took every poſ-
" ſible means to avoid her—croſſing an
" avenue in the garden early one morn-
" ing

" ing, I was ſtruck with what appeared
" more than mortal—it was my Arabella
" —From that moment, as you may ſup-
" poſe, inſtead of avoiding, I took
" every opportunity to be in her
" company.

" Whatever antipathy I had formerly
" to Eliza, it now was doubled, for my
" Arabella ſoon taught me what it
" was to love — I loved her without
" knowing it at firſt myſelf—I loved her
" a longer time without telling her ſo—
" I found concealment preyed upon
" upon my ſpirits, and injure my health
" —Arabella, I flattered myſelf, did
" not ſeem to poſſeſs any averſion to
" wards me, and I was therefore reſolved
" to diſcloſe my paſſion to her—For
" ſome time I watched in vain for an

" oppor-

" opportunity; Eliza was conſtantly in
" the way, but meeting her one morn-
" ing in the garden, I prevailed on her
" to enjoy the pleaſure of the place
" from a ſummer-houſe, which is de-
" lightfully ſituated—ſhe conſented, and I
" ſoon found means to acquaint her with
" the ſovereignty ſhe held over my
" heart—ſhe liſtened to my tale, and I
" had juſt (nay, bluſh not my love)
" brought my Arabella to confeſs that I
" was not diſagreeable to her, when my
" perpetual torment, Eliza, burſt into
" the ſummer-houſe, and found me up-
" on my knees, preſſing my beloved's
" hand to my lips, and thanking her
" for raiſing me from deſpair—Eliza
" ſtarted as if ſhe had been adder ſtung,
" but ſaid not a word, with a ſneer and

" a toſs

" a toſs of the head ſhe turned from us,
" and retreated towards the houſe—from
" that day, her behaviour was changed,
" ſhe behaved to me with the utmoſt
" ſcorn, and took every poſſible occa-
" ſion to inſult the gentleneſs of my
" Arabella, with her poverty, and un-
" protected ſituation.

" I expected nothing leſs than that ſhe
" would have related the circumſtance
" to my father and prevail upon him
" to remove Arabella, for I knew he
" had fixed his mind too ſtrongly up-
" on our union, not to be averſe to
" every thing that was likely to prevent
" it—theſe thoughts tormented me for
" ſome time; for although day paſſed
" after day, without any notice being
" taken, yet, I was too well acquainted

" with

" with her diſpoſition, to encourage an
" idea, ſhe would ſuffer my preferring
" Arabella, without meditating ſome
" revenge — In this uncertain ſtate,
" however, time paſſed on for ſome two
" or three months without any thing
" farther than her taking more than or-
" dinary care that we ſhould not be a
" ſingle moment alone together — her
" vigilance was nevertheleſs ineffectual,
" and I had frequently the happineſs of
" avowing my love for Arabella.

" About ſix months after the event
" happened, my father taking me into
" his cloſet, told me he had procured
" me a commiſſion in a regiment abroad,
" to join which, I was to ſet out the
" next day—my baggage being already
" on ſhip-board—I was thunderſtruck,

" and could not ſay a word; which in-
" deed was but of little conſequence,
" for had I been able to have expoſtu-
" lated againſt it, he would not have
" heard me — I retired to ſeek my
" Arabella, and diſcloſe my father's
" views to her—ſhe counſelled me to
" obey him by all means—we mingled
" our tears together, and vowed eter-
" nal conſtancy and affection—Without
" deigning to take leave of Eliza, I de-
" parted for my deſtination next morn-
" ing—with a heart almoſt broken I join'd
" my regiment—I was ordered ſoon upon
" ſervice, and that ſomewhat relieved
" my troubled mind—Arabella and I
" had promiſed to correſpond—I wrote
" immediately on my arrival to her,
" (Arabella ſtarted) and by every poſt

" (again

" (again ſhe ſtarted)—In due courſe of
" time I expected to hear from her—no
" letter came (Arabella turned pale) a
" ſecond, a third poſt, and I received no
" intelligence from her—I was diſtract-
" ed—I imagined ſhe was ill—dying—
" perhaps dead—theſe thoughts tortured
" me beyond bearing—I was reſolved to
" return—I gave up my commiſſion—and
" ſailed for France—I arrived to the
" great ſurpriſe of Eliza and my father
" at home—Without deigning to ac-
" count for my ſudden return, the firſt
" thing I did, was to enquire for my
" Arabella—Eliza told me, with a ſmile,
" ſhe had reſolved on a religious life,
" and for that purpoſe was going to take
" the veil; this information came like a
" ſhock of thunder; yet, as ſhe would

" not tell me in what convent, I could
" not give it credit; but ſoon learnt
" from the ſervant who had uſed
" to attend her, that it was too true
" —ſhe knew not, however, the name
" of the Convent to which my Arabella
" was gone, and I thought I ſhould
" have ran diſtracted. I flew about the
" houſe making enquiries of all I met,
" but they all were or pretended to be
" ignorant—while I was thus acting like
" a madman, the girl whom I juſt now
" alluded to, brought me a letter of
" Eliza's, which ſhe ſaid ſhe was to
" have ſent away the preceding evening,
" but had forgot to do it, and it might
" very likely let me into the ſecret—I
" took the letter with much eagerneſs,
" and without paying any attention to

" politeneſs

" politeneſs or propriety, I inſtantly " broke open the ſeal, and found it to " contain theſe contents:

' Dear Girl,

' You have often complimented me on ' the fertility of my invention, without ' having, as yet I think, any great rea- ' ſon for ſo doing; for prithee, Girl, ' what peculiar talents did you ever ' know me to poſſeſs that way more than ' all women do; are we not all fertile in ' imagination and contrivance?—but I ' may now give you one little inſtance ' of my exertion—having got St. Julian ' ſent out of the way, I have taken the ' moſt effectual method of ſeparating ' him and Arabella for ever—Since his ' abſence, all the letters from him to ' her, and from her to him I have

'ſtopped, and none have either of them
'received—Arabella, poor meek ſoul,
'took this in dudgeon, pined at his in-
'conſtancy, and was eaſily worked up
'to believe that he had abandoned her
'—to effect this I ſpared to pains, and
'was the more eaſily enabled to do it,
'from being perfectly acquainted with
'their ſentiments, by means of the
'letters which I had got into my hands
'—at laſt I wound her up to ſuch a
'pitch of diſtreſs that ſhe declared in
'favour of a religious life—this was
'the very thing I wiſhed for—ſhe en-
'treated me to prevail on old St. Julian
'to let her take the veil—a charming
'office!—I did ſo, and ſucceeded, but
'not without ſome difficulty—he was ſo
'averſe to it, that he would not inter-

'fere

" fere in the buſineſs: a lucky circum-
" ſtance alſo for me, as by that means
" I had the tranſacting of every thing
" myſelf, and was enabled to prevent
" her dying ſwain from having the leaſt
" intimation of it; and ſo well has the
" matter been conducted, that to-mor-
" row ſhe will he initiated among
" the ſiſterhood, at the Convent of
" St. ——————'

" I could read no more — it was
" unneceſſary — I had already read
" ſufficient to perceive my fate hung
" upon the deciſion of a moment, and
" that moment was arrived—I inſtantly
" quitted the houſe, and took poſt for
" Paris; frantic at the ſeeming tediouſ-
" neſs of the horſes all the way—when
" I arrived, I juſt ſtopped to ſecure a

" carriage in caſe I ſhould prove ſucceſs-
" ful, and flew to the Convent, where I
" found my Arabella, and what fol-
" lowed it is unneceſſary for me to
" relate."

Arabella, by her looks, plainly ſhewed ſhe was ſatisfied by the account St. Julian had given; ſhe permitted him to take her in his arms, and they again renewed their vows of eternal conſtancy—De Montmorency was delighted at their having ſo fortunately met again, and complimented them upon their preſent proſpect of happineſs; but he, as well as St. Julian's friend pointed out how dangerous it would be for them to remain in Paris; it was therefore agreed upon, that he and Arabella ſhould retire to a ſmall eſtate

eſtate he had in Picardy, to be there united, and then write to implore his father's forgiveneſs; which, if he refuſed, they might remain where they were, and make love and affection ſupply the place of riches and ſuperfluity.

De Montmorency was invited to accompany them, but which his preſent engagements would not (nor his deſire of beholding Eliſe, if they would have done ſo) permit him to accept.

After having taken ſome refreſhment, St. Julian prepared for his departure, as he was convinced it would be moſt prudent to convey Arabella away from Paris as ſoon as poſſible, it being by no means improbable that the ſuperiors of the Convent would make it a ſerious buſineſs, and apply to the commandant to aſſiſt

them in recovering the noviciate, and punishing the offender—in such a case, their total separation would be inevitable, as the clergy are not remarkable for their forgiveness or humanity—his father too might possibly arrive, and add his authority to their interference — enquiring, therefore, our hero's name, and with wishes for his happiness, which De Montmorency returned with interest, the happy couple set out post immediately for Picardy, and our hero returned to the nobleman's hotel, highly delighted with his evening's adventure.

CHAPTER XXI.

A miniſterial levee—a ſingular character—politics a crooked path to fame—and a ſudden removal to an unwelcome habitation.

FROM the indulgent reception of the nobleman and the ſhort period which he had fixed for fulfilling the wiſhes of Monſieur de St. Clair, De Montmorency preſaged the moſt favourable concluſions, and flattered himſelf that they were certain omens of his ſoon being enabled to re-viſit his home, his father, and his Eliſe.

It was the pleaſing reflections produced by ſuch thoughts as theſe that chear'd his anxious heart, and enabled him to ſupport the pangs of abſence with any degree of patience and ſhew of fortitude.

His imagination would frequently lead him to the pleaſing taſk of planning future ſcenes of happineſs with the miſtreſs of his heart—it was a delightful ſubject, and upon which Fancy could revel in her full career, uncheck'd by the reins of Reaſon, bound over the limits of Probability, and dwell with tranſport on conceived delights that never could be realized—nay, it would ſometimes carry him ſo far as to make him almoſt fix the day when he ſhould have completed his purſuits, be haſtening back, on the wings

of

of love and duty, to the arms of his father and Eliſe, even before he had made any farther progreſs than obtained the vague promiſe of a courtier.

Previous to his ſetting out upon this expedition he had promiſed Eliſe and his father to be conſtant and unremitting in his correſpondence, and to omit no opportunity of ſending to them—to be enabled to fulfil which he employed a great ſhare of his time, always keeping letters ready for diſpatch whenever occaſion offered—in fact it was the only portion of his time that he ſpent in eaſe and comfort, therefore neglect was not likely—to ſee, to ſpeak, to live with them, was the height of felicity—ſo to convey his thoughts was a ſatisfaction to his mind, convinced, from the knowledge

of

of their affections, that their replies would bring harmony to his ſoul.

The Come de ———'s hotel (where and with whom our hero reſided) was conſtantly crowded every morning with perſons of various deſcriptions—ſome dancing attendance for their own promotions, while others were doing the ſame for their friends and relations.

Among the number of theſe daily viſitants, was an aged officer, whoſe ſingularity of manner very forcibly ſtruck De Montmorency — he was conſtantly preſent, was always among the firſt who came and the laſt that went away, yet never addreſs'd himſelf to, or held converſation with, any perſon preſent—moſt, even of the firſt rank apparently knew, and always paid their reſpects to him—

to

to ſome few he would return the compliment, but by far the greateſt number he would only look them full in the face as if he did not underſtand what they meant.

This kind of behaviour riveted the attention of our hero, inſomuch that at laſt the old gentleman noticed it, and taking an opportunity when they were cloſe together, aſked him, in a peremptory tone, why he was made an object of his circumſpection.

De Montmorency felt that he had acted improperly, look'd confus'd, and begg'd pardon for his ſeeming impertinence; declared it was without any intention of giving offence, as nothing could be more diſtant from his thoughts, and hoped he would believe as much.

"You

" You are a ſtranger, then ?"

" I am."

" And your name is ——"

" De Montmorency."

" De Montmorency ! (repeated he, " with a ſeeming degree of tranſport) " Gracious Heaven, what a name !—it " was a De Montmorency that raiſed " this kingdom to a pinnacle of glory— " and who knows but a De Montmo- " rency may ſave it from ruin, and reſ- " cue it from the hands of thoſe whoſe " ignorance, not to ſay worſe of them, " will ſoon bring it to deſtruction.—And " pray, young man, what is your buſi- " neſs here ?"

" To ſerve my country, if I can—I " came recommended to Comte de —— " by Monſieur de St. Clair."

" St. Clair !

" St. Clair!—I don't like St. Clair—
" he is a knave!—but it is knaves only
" that have intereſt at court, now-a-days.
" And ſo he ſent you to this bleſſed
" counſellor of the King's for him to
" give you a place?"

" He preſumed upon his intereſt with
" the Comte to flatter me with hopes of
" employment."

" Well, and what kind of reception
" has he given you?'!

" The moſt polite and indulging."

" Aye, there's no doubt of his civi-
" lity—I have known him treat a man
" with a ſmile when he had a *lettre de*
" *cachet* againſt him in his pocket, and
" iſſue it the moment he was out of ſight
" to take him to the Baſtile."

" But he has promiſed me faithfully."

" Then

" Then ſuſpect him—for although he " is my nephew, he is one of the great- " eſt hypocrites that lives—St. Clair!— " to be ſure St. Clair may do much—it " often happens that a knave has influ- " ence over a raſcal, and I believe my " ſcoundrel of a nephew dare not—yes, " I ſay dare not refuſe the application of " your patron—but it hurts me that a " De Montmorency ſhould be uſhered in " to the ſervice of his country by a " *Farmier General*—how became you ac- " quainted with this fellow, and by " what means did you acquire his coun- " tenance?"

" His reſidence is near to my father's " retirement!"

" What! is your father alive?"

" Heaven

" Heaven forbid the contrary—I left " him ſo a few days ſince."

" How durſt he, a Montmorency too, " be ſpending his days in indolence, " while his country ſtands in need of his " ſervice—Sir, Sir, it is the duty of " every honeſt man to ſacrifice his pri- " vate eaſe to the public good—what, " though folly has been countenanced, " merit diſcouraged, is that a ſufficient " reaſon for retiring in diſguſt? I ſay no, " on the contrary, it ought to act as a " ſtimulative to ſtand up boldly for the " rights of men—for when a King falls " into the power of ignorant or deſigning " counſellors, every true patriot will riſk " his all to reſcue his King from their " machinations, and ſave his country " from inevitable ruin."

" My

" My father, Sir ——

" Well, no matter, he muſt be an old " man now, and may poſſibly have been " doing good, by inſtilling proper prin- " ciples into his ſon; if ſo, have a care " they are not poiſoned by the connec- " tion you are about to make—if you are " a ſtranger to your anceſtors, read their " deeds, and then you will know what " you owe to your name, what you owe " to your fellow ſubjects—I hope the " Comte will keep his word, but of which " had you been recommended by worth " and integrity, I ſhould have had my " doubts—farewell! ſome other time I " may wiſh to ſpend an hour or two with " you."

Surpriſed as De Montmorency had been at the ſingular behaviour and appearance

pearance of this old gentleman, he was much more ſo, by the diſcourſe that had taken place between them—he felt his breaſt expand at the glorious idea of acquiring fame, and his whole ſoul glow'd at the patriotic ſentiments which his new acquaintance had uttered—Glory had now found a paſſage to his heart, and he longed for an opportunity to ſhew he dared do all that was conſiſtent with honour, and gain the wreathe, or periſh in the attempt.

In the field, he knew the path was ſtrait before him—a ſoldier's courage muſt obtain, and his integrity ſecure it—that was a line moſt ſuited to the mind of our hero, and in which, his career would been ſwift and certain, but for the unlucky capture, which compelled him to let his ſword

ſword ruſt in idleneſs—to ſeek for it in the crooked way of politics was ill ſuited to his open and candid diſpoſition, eſpecially under the auſpices of thoſe of whom he had juſt heard ſo unfavorable a deſcription—but ſtill he was determined to proceed with Honour for his guide, and Integrity for his companion.

" With ſuch aſſiſtance (ſaid he, as he " ruminated by himſelf) how is it poſſi- " ble I ſhould fail—if I do no wrong, who " can be offended, or condemn me—if " I execute my truſt juſtly, I muſt be ap- " proved by them who employ me, how- " ever negligent they may be in the diſ- " charge of their own: and no one will " attempt to make me a tool, or accom- " plice in his villainy, while my own ac- " tions are tempered with juſtice and

" marked

" marked with propriety—there muſt at
" leaſt appear an inclination to vice, 'ere
" Guilt will venture to entruſt its confi-
" dence—then what have I to fear—my
" purſuits are laudable—my ſucceſs I
" cannot doubt—and, Oh, Heaven!
" grant my deareſt Eliſe may be my great
" reward."

With theſe concluſions De Montmorency thought himſelf in the direct road to happineſs—his boſom experienced a ceſſation of grief, and his mind was bleſſed with ſerenity—but how often does ſorrow ariſe from the accompliſhment of what we wiſh! and how often are we deceived in our gayeſt proſpects!

About a week after his arrival at Paris, as he was amuſing himſelf in the garden

garden of the Comte de ———, he perceived a ſmall party of ſoldiers—they ſoon came up with him—the officer very politely informed him they were ſent to conduct him to a place appointed for his reception.

De Montmorency ſtarted with ſurpriſe—that ſurpriſe made him retreat, and to have the appearance of a wiſh to avoid them; upon which, before he had time to ſay a word:

"That gentleman, (ſaid the officer, "pointing to him) is the perſon."

De Montmorency ſtared with aſtoniſhment—The ſoldiers advancing immediately with their bayonets fixed, ſurrounded and claimed him as their priſoner, began to march, and commanded him to accompany them.

Our

Our hero was so totally confounded at being thus taken into custody, that he could not utter a single word—he had no doubt but that the officer had mistaken him for some other person, yet, as all resistance would, he knew, be absurd against their prejudice and so much force, he suffered himself to be conducted to a coach, into which some of the soldiers entered.

After a short ride, they stopped at a large gate; here entrance was demanded, and through which, when opened, they proceeded into a court yard, where the soldiers alighted, desiring him to do the same.

De Montmorency, who was somewhat recovered from his astonishment, in the course of the way, ventured to ask

one of thoſe who were in the coach with him, to what place they were carrying him; this requiſition was anſwered by one of the ſoldiers, in a ſurly tone:

"To the BASTILE."

It appeared to him a voice of thunder, for at the mention of that name ſo horrible to human nature, a ſudden cold ſweat ſeized him, and pervaded his whole frame.

"Pray, Sir, (ſaid De Montmorency) "can you inform me for what I am ſent "thither."

"That, (replied his guard) is no bu- "ſineſs of mine;—my orders are to take "you there, ſo go you muſt, and get "out again how you can."

"But ſurely I ſhall not be confined, "as I am certain of my innocence."

"Innocent

" Innocent!—yes, a man muſt be very " innocent to be ſure, when the King " has ſigned a *lettre de cachet* againſt " him."

This brutal indifference of his guide, together with the name of the Baſtile, had ſuch an effect upon his ſpirits, that he was, in a manner, ſtupified with horror, and ſuffered himſelf to be taken out of the carriage without uttering a word of complaint, and to be delivered to the Governor by the commander of the ſoldiers, as a priſoner of the ſtate.

The Governor received the orders and our hero with a bow, and immediately conducted him to a large hall, where a ponderous volume, full of the lives and deaths of the unhappy captives was opened, and his name added to the

number; his pockets were then ſearched, and every thing in them taken away, put in a ſmall cupboard, and carefully lock-up—At the moment of this tranſaction, a young lady was with the Governor, ſeemingly his daughter, whoſe countenance wore an air of concern at the unfortunate fate of our hero.

De Montmorency perceiving the tear of pity ſteal down her fair cheek, aſſumed courage to requeſt her to aſk the Governor if the officer was not miſtaken in his perſon, and if not, for what crime he was to be confined there, being totally ignorant of having committed any act deſerving the cenſure of government.

She complied with his requeſt, but the Governor whiſpering ſomething in her ear, ſhe replied to De Montmorency, that

that as it was *de par le Roi*, her father, was bound, by his oath, to ſecrecy.

Our hero thanked her for her condeſcenſion with a low bow—he could no more—the guard retired, and he was immediately conducted to the inſide of the priſon, where all was gloom and horror—all was ſilent, his attendants ſpoke not a word, until they came to the door of a cell into which they bid him enter—he obeyed, and found himſelf in a ſmall room, about ſix feet ſquare into which the light was conveyed by a ſmall aperture, (it did not deſerve the name of a window) ſtrongly grated with iron bars—a flint and ſteel, with a candle, being delivered to him, three doors

—— on whoſe hinges,
Grated harſh Thunder.

were inſtantly cloſed upon him, and here was he left to ruminate upon this ſudden change of fortune, and conjecture, if poſſible, what had occaſioned it, and brought him to this goal of tyrants, and grave of the living.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Baſtile and its concomitant horrors.

THERE needs very little rhetoric to impreſs the idea that our hero now conſidered himſelf in the moſt hapleſs and deplorable ſituation—Deprived of liberty—excluded from all converſe and communication with the world—torn from the parental affections of the beſt of fathers—cut off from all hopes of experiencing the tender endearments of his beloved Eliſe—ſecluded from ſociety, the

the world, and every poſſible comfort, perhaps *for ever!*

In ſuch a ſituation how poignant muſt be his feelings! how exquiſite his ſenſations!—You who have been impriſoned in that wretched place, nor taſted, through a ſeries of long, long years, one moment's eaſe, one moment's reſpite from deſpair!—you muſt beſt, you can only know what he ſuffered!—your ſympathetic hearts will pity his ſituation and pant for his deliverance.

As ſoon as the door of his cell was lock'd, and he found himſelf the inhabitant of a dungeon, he fell almoſt into a ſtate of ſtupefaction, ſurveyed the bare walls and traverſed the utmoſt limits of his priſon houſe over and over again.

This

This, as it may perhaps not inaptly be term'd, oppreſſive gloom of ſullen woe at length ſubſided, Recollection reaſſumed her ſeat, and then his miſeries became more keen—they ſtung him to the quick, and ſet his brain a madding—a ſudden fury ſeized him—he raved with the utmoſt violence until he was quite exhauſted—then falling on the bare ground he repeatedly daſh'd his head againſt the ſtones—he tore up his hair by the roots, gnaſh'd his teeth with vehemence, uttered the moſt horrible imprecations on himſelf, and in the firſt tranſports of his rage vowed to put a ſpeedy termination to his miſerable exiſtence.

Nature being quite exhauſted by theſe unuſual and violent exertions he ſunk lifeleſs

lifeleſs upon the floor, in which ſtate he remained ſeveral hours—when he came to himſelf his delirium had in a great meaſure ſubſided and he grew more calm—he raiſed himſelf from the floor, and ſitting himſelf down by the ſide of a wretched bed which lay in one corner of his horrid dwelling, his thoughts wandered to thoſe ſcenes he had partook of with delight, and for the renewal of which he only wiſh'd to live—this was more than he could bear, his manly fortitude melted away, and all his mother's weakneſs came upon him — tears ran from his eyes in inceſſant torrents—he neither could nor even attempted to ſtop their courſe until grown dry with conſtant weeping not a ſingle tear remain'd to eaſe his aching heart.

Thus

Thus melancholy he ſat pondering on his weight of woe, fearful to look forward, nor daring to look behind—Grief, in the end, gave utterance to his tongue, and falling upon his knees;

" Tell me, (ſaid he) good Heaven, " how I have merited this dreadful pu- " niſhment!—what hideous offence have " I unknowingly committed! for unleſs " love be a crime I am unconſcious of " any wrong, but if that be ſo, I am " guilty indeed.—Oh, my Eliſe! will " not thy Montmorency's loſs affect thy " peace! ſhouldſt thou learn that he is " ſhut up in the curſed Baſtile will it not " deſtroy thee!—my father too!— Oh, " thou Supreme! thou great diſpoſer of " events! whoſe decrees mortals cannot " queſtion! however it may be thy gra-

" cious

" cious will to dispose of me, grant, oh! " grant them fortitude to combat my " loss, nor let them be destroyed by the " weight of my afflictions!—And shall " I never see them more?—Oh, never! " never!"

Again he burst into a paroxism of despair—again his tears began to flow—again he was seized with fury bordering on madness, until quite exhausted, when he again threw himself on the floor and remained in that situation for some hours stupified with grief and horror.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.